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INDIAN POND.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARC COOK.

Two lonely, sandy, piny miles,
Even the last small house beyond
There darkly shines or bluely smiles
The plain's live eye, my Indian Pond.

No echoing axe nor cattle-call
Smites this far lake; he fea- -an;
Bird, lilly, leaf, my s-
t mee, the secret one.

A savage chief—no master nigh,
He calls his waves, his shores, his own;
Unseen by fashion's soulless eye,
To folly's flocking steps unknown.

And Nature all his playmate is,
From floating leaf to pine-tree tall;
Tree, hill and heaven here stoop to kiss,
And in his breast he holds them all.

It was by night I saw thee first,
As lever should, and on thy breast
Amid the starry deep rehearsed
Old songs more sweet than labor's rest.

'Twas right that I, a wandering thought,
A dreamer, hidden and unknown,
To thy lone margin should be brought,
A worshiper—the only one.

Yet, gentle water, neither thou,
Nor friend as purely sweet could charm,
Or should forever; like heaven's bow,
Man's peace is built upon the storm.

He solely who is citizen
Both of the country and the town
Knows either; be it haunt of men
Or desert, both should be outgrown

By usage, and enjoyed the best
That their detects and ours allow:
Farewell, thou barren and thou blest,
And let our love with distance grow.

From some far peak we may behold
Our stranger selves that roved this plain—
In dreams dig up its buried gold,
And taste the mellow days again.

Farewell, old Pond, my friend so good.
Thy smile is sweet as angel bliss;
And if God ever wept, he would
Weep such bright, glorious tears as this.

I will come back, alive or dead:
First life—but let life's river roll—
My spirit through thy waters spread
Shall give to thee a human soul!

THE MYSTIC TIE:

ERROL VAL'-DARE AND THE BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS; OR, A NAME FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WIFE'S HONOR," "A STRANGE RETRIBUTION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS, OR IT MAY BE FOREVER."

They had said, all that wild September day, that the gale was gathering in the offing, and would be up before midnight, so that none but a daring craft and a reckless crew could put out to sea; for even while the sun was up the clouds had hung low and black and sullen along the western horizon, and now and then the wind had crept stealthily over the mass of waters, cresting the waves with white foam as they came rolling in on the shore, whispering to them "Nevermore, nevermore." And as the sun sank slowly, regretfully, away behind the black bank of clouds, tipping with dazzling whiteness the dancing foam that now flecked the whole mass of surging, cold, gray waters, the ominous seagulls circled, screaming, round the rocky shore, or just skimmed the crest of the heaving billows as the sad sea lay sobbing far out on the bar. And as night fell dark and tempestuous along the wild, bleak Cornish coast, and the lights shone here and there from the little fishing village above, and then, as midnight drew nigh, disappeared one by one, till only a solitary light at last gleamed dimly from one small cottage-window lower down, nearer the shore than any other light, why did that stalwart fisherman, a man in the very prime of his life, glance up at that window as he stood on the beach below, and then look out to sea so wistfully? Why was his craft, the finest, the best manned by half a dozen young fellows, as bold and strong and dare-devil as himself—all like himself, with neither wife nor child, to hold them back from the direst danger?—why was the Stormy Petrel still lying there, ready, evidently, for her night's work, but still lagging behind? For though only a few fishing-boats had ventured out, and that hours earlier, it was rare that the Stormy Petrel failed in leading the way where a boat could live at all.

"I'll see how heavy the gale comes up," said the master grimly when others had sneered. "And when at midnight it is raging, and you are all running to shelter, I and my mates will go off and take the shoals you have left us."

So there he stood now by his little craft, and looked at his six tall men. But if that was all the reason he had lingered so long, why does he smile now and point to the light in his cottage-window, and say, as one man glances to sea, shaking his head:

"Remember, if we are playing our lives against heavy odds, the stake is worth the toss. Fifty golden sovereigns apiece if we land our passenger safely on the French coast. Half he'll give when we land him, and half the young lady that engaged me will pay us when we bring her back a line from the gentleman. And she'll stop up there in my cottage till I return."

"*Will* she, though?" said one of the men suspiciously. "What is she? His —"

"No," said the other. "She aint got no wedding-ring, poor young thing—only a handsome chased gold ring, twice as broad as any I ever see. She's his sweetheart, of course, whether right side or wrong side I can't say; but they're both real top-gentry, I'll swear; and I'll swear, as sure as my name is William Pengarth, that that lady will keep faith with us. I'll be bounden to ye, mates, for her up to my share o' the Petrel."

"No 'casion, Will Pengarth," said another. "You wouldn't take a bargain, like a fool, for a pair o' bright eyes, though, p'raps, they've had their way too. Aint it 'bout time to call 'em out? The gale won't rage less till dawn."

"Aye, aye, and that'll be too late."

And Pengarth turned away up the little path to his cottage, where a grim, fierce misery, such as he could never know, lay—Heaven help them!—at the very heart's core of those two who sat there—a tall, slight girl of perhaps eighteen or nineteen, whose rare and statuesque beauty, grand in its power and intellect, must have surely already marked her out as one of "the earth's great spirits," to play no ordinary woman's part on the world's stage, any more than her companion, a young and very handsome man, with an unmistakable stamp on his brow of a master-mind, and a face of reckless, dare-devil beauty, that told its own tale—at least, in part—of strong passions, and a restless, unquiet, and not soathless life.

There had been silence between them for some minutes, when there came a tap at the door and the fisherman's voice:

"Five minutes, sir, and all is ready."

The girl's rich, soft contralto voice answered him steadily:

"We are coming, friend."

The man stood up.

"Well," he said, and the chiseled lips quivered, the low, mellow voice of music trembled with the bitter agony he was striving to crush for her sake, "the moment has come at last! Five minutes—*five minutes*—and we must part; it may be for years, or it may be for —"

The last word faltered unspoken on his lips. He opened his arms and wrapped that slender girl to his breast in one last, silent embrace, his lips pressed to hers in one long, passionate kiss, that seemed as if it could not end, as if that clasp could never be loosed, heart beating against heart in the dire, tearless agony of such bitter parting as, Heaven send, few should know.

"My darling—my only treasure—my love! this is worse than death!—To leave you alone to bear, perhaps, the crushing weight of the world's scorn, if even one little whisper should link your name with mine! Child, O child! you have given me everything, but I have given you nothing but bitter wrong."

"No, no!"

Oh, how she clung to him, with wild, broken sobs, now, that racked her from head to foot.

"You break my heart! Nothing? When you have given me such deathless love—such faith as few men give to women."

He put her suddenly back, holding her off with a hand on each shoulder, his dark eyes looking right into hers.

"Such faith—such love! Yes, as One above shall judge me. But, oh, I would to Heaven I had never seen this dear face, or my reckless steps crossed your path, my darling, for then you might have been a happy wife, instead of—But now—now, great Heaven, it is too late! I have won your young heart only to break it—I have linked your life to mine only to wreck it!"

The girl pushed aside his hands and threw herself passionately upon his breast again.

"Oh, hush, if you love me! You only break this heart when you reproach yourself so cruelly, so unjustly!"

"My darling, my very heart's life, forgive me! This—this for the last time!"

Once more he locked her in that close embrace, as those who are parting with a grave between. Once more his lips pressed hers, as those only kiss who will meet no more on earth, and then he dropped his hold, and each stepped back, each heart numbed with anguish, and in that moment's pause you might have almost heard a feather flutter to the ground, so intense, so awful, was that stillness within. Then he bent down, wrapped her heavy mantle about her, and took her hand.

"Come," he said hoarsely; "they are waiting. It would, I know, be only cruelty to bid you stay here."

The clouds were driving heavily now before the wild wind as it shrieked like a furious demon, and the mighty sea, one mass of angry breakers now, long since over the bar, came rushing wildly on almost to where the men stood beside the cutter, flinging its foaming surf along the coast with a sullen, ceaseless roar, that echoed and re-echoed against the cliffs like the crash of thunder, with which it mingled, and every now and then a vivid flash of lightning illumined land and sea and the group on the beach—a scene which only the hand of a Salvator Rosa could have transferred to canvas, the wild, awful grandeur of which no human hand could give at all.

"An awful night, sir," said Will Pengarth, looking into the dauntless, dark eyes, into the handsome, proudly daring face of the patrician stranger, and the rich, melodious tones and delicate accent that lingered on the ear like music answered:

"I could wish the risk to life were less for your sake. I am ready."

"Jump in, then, sir."

He turned, hesitated half a second, then stooped, laid a quick, hurried, passionate kiss on the girl's lips, and sprang lightly into the fishing cutter.

Twice those seven powerful Cornishmen tried to run her out, and twice were beaten back before she could leave the skidds between which she lay. The breakers had struck her bow, as if daring her to venture, and retreated, rasping and moaning.

"Once more!" cried Will Pengarth. "Fall before a woman, with her lover's life at stake! Never, men! Ha! So! One! two! Away!"

As if she were a living thing that answered to love and touch, the gallant little craft sprang forward, as the water rushed up around her, and breasted the raging sea, that seemed almost to engulf her, as she sank into the trough of the wave, shuddered, quivering as with mortal agony, then righted herself, and rose high on the crest of the billow, like the daring seabird whose name she bore, little watting that with each rolling wave she put between herself and the English shore she widened the distance between the proud and desperate man she carried and a terrible death.

Exactly where he had left her standing, with that last kiss, never more to be effaced, on her lips, with those chiseled, icy hands locked against her bosom, the girl he loved stood watching with strained gaze till long after sight was impossible. The gale raged around her unheeded, the wild wind swept her bare head, and made a very sport of the beautiful mass of curling locks that fell loose on her neck, but she knew it not. The necessity for action was over for the present. The strong brain and brave heart that had planned and carried out his desperate escape had accomplished it. The man who, whether he had wronged her or whether he had not, she loved as only such natures can love, was gone, and life itself seemed suspended, merged in the dumb, awful agony of the blow that had wrecked two lives, and sent him from her a fugitive. As the sun had gone down that day behind a black bank of clouds, so had her sun gone down in the darkness of a lifelong night. The laurel-wreath that genius itself had worn might crown the grandly ambitious brow, the world might be at the feet of the great actress, but not one could ever guess the wound that lay within.

The sea, with its eternal requiem, had turned in slow and proud retreat before the resistless command "Thus far and no farther," and the wild wind, lulled for a while, was sobbing like a weary child, before that motionless form moved and turned back, like one in a hideous dream, to the lonely cottage, to face out, as best she might, the silent, solitary waiting, the anguish of patience, of long hours of utterly inactive suspense, which is a thousand times worse than despair, which turns minutes into hours, and each hour into a lifetime, of a suffering for which there is no Lethe. Every nerve of the passionate heart and strong brain is strung too high for the relief of unconsciousness or sleep, or even of tears.

She knows that two suns must rise and set before she can know whether those eight men ever reached the shores of France alive or perished in the gale, before she can leave this hiding-place. Bar the door; but none will come, for they will know with the morning-light that the Stormy Petrel's dare-devil crew went off in her last night, and hardly look to see them all again. Watch the gale lull, and the daylight creep up stealthily, gray and lowering still, and know that miles away there are those still in thirty setting in motion every human and mechanical means to regain that one bold fugitive they miss at once.

Pace to and fro, to and fro, the little room, as the day wears on, with weary feet that cannot be still for the very madness of restlessness; and when night again falls, and the fishermen have once more gone

Sailing out into the west,

and the wives and little ones are all at rest within, steal out and crouch under the cliffs to watch for those whose fate only Heaven knows yet.

So—so the terrible hours move on, and the second night falls, and then at last a little speck comes over the horizon; not that those haggard, wide-open, sleepless eyes can see it through the dense darkness; but it is there in the offing, for all that, and comes nearer, nearer every minute before the stiff breeze, and then, when all in the village are either gone out to sea or sleeping, not yet anxious for their comrades, for they were often away for days in heavy weather—then the Stormy Petrel ran quietly ashore, and the master, leaving his six stalwart mates to make her fast and snug, hurried to his cottage, where a light warned him the watcher had heard and saw them now. Stamping the wet from his great seaboots, shaking the water off his rough, drenched clothes like a water-dog, the tall fisherman, whose five-and-thirty years of hard life have not hardened his heart, pushed the door and entered.

"He is safe!"

Only three words, but with one smothered cry she staggered dizzily back; but in that instant he had the slight form in his arms, the beautiful face, deathly white, only half conscious, lying on his breast.

"There, there, my dear, it's only a rough pillow and a wet, but it's tender and true enough for a woman's tears to fall on, and the rough heart inside can beat for the trouble of a young thing like you. Hush, hush, my pretty! Well, it's better so."

For the long-closed floodgates gave way at last in heavy weeping such as he had never seen; the passionate, convulsive weeping of this strong nature shook her like a fierce tempest, and made the wild tears that fell on the man's broad breast seem as tears of blood that seared him.

"Hush, hush, my pretty!" he said again, and the rough hand gently touched the rich, darkly-bronzed locks that swept across him. "Your lover is landed safe, sweetheart, near the Isle de Bas, and a right brave gentleman he is. See, here's his own lines, and he held my hand in his own, and looked right into me with them hardsome eyes of his'n, and says he so earnest, my dear, that—well, never mind—says he: 'Will, I've been obliged to leave her all alone there in your cottage, waiting till you go back in the dead of night; she, all I love in this world, a young girl—you a strong man, and I trust her to your protection and to your honor.' And before Heaven, child, as sure as I'm holding that noble gentleman's dear love in my arms for him, and resting her pretty head on my breast instead of his, where it should be, Will Pengarth would be killed a thousand times sooner than wrong that trust."

He said that, still holding her as she lay exhausted against him, and then, gently placing her in a chair, for couch or settle there was none, put a paper in her hand. But she clasped that large, powerful hand in her own, and, stooping, kissed it impulsively.

"If ever I forget you, may Heaven forget me!"

"Well, my pretty," said the Cornish fisherman, looking at his hand, wet with tears, and not with hers alone now, "I don't know as ever this 'ere rough hand was so honored afore. Well, well! Now, what can I do for you, my dear?"

She put a packet of notes into his hand, and the low, soft voice was once more controlled and calm.

"First take that, the sum I pledged to you and your men; secondly, for your own sake, as well as mine and my"—she stopped, colored painfully, and then went on firmly—"and my lover's, keep this secret as close as the grave, whatever you may hear or guess or be asked now or in the future; thirdly, if ever you should recognize me anywhere, and learn who I am, keep the knowledge in your own brave, true heart, unless I give you a sign. I throw myself on your honor."

"And that," said the Cornishman proudly, "never yet betrayed a man's trust or wronged a woman's honor."

"I know it!" she said, turning aside, and the man's heart ached for her as the thought crossed him that perhaps his last words had stabbed her cruelly.

"And fourthly?" he said huskily.

"I must get back disguised, as I came, to the distant station from whence we came here, before the village is astir. Walking leaves no trace."

"I'll manage that easy enough, my dear," said her companion, flinging more fuel on the smouldering fire; "but don't leave me without food or rest, child, for the sake of him as left all he loved in Will Pengarth's care."

Nor was the trust of the patrician misplaced, for under the rough outside there beat a heart as bold, as true, as his own.

CHAPTER II.

FOUR YEARS AFTER—THE RAVENSHILLS.

Time and tide wait for no man, and four years are written on the scroll of the past before the curtain which fell on such heavy gloom and sorrow rises again on a very different scene; for now the glorious sun is shining in the cloudless heavens, and glinting into strong relief the group gathered in the elegant room of a noble mansion in Arlington street—glinting on mirror and flashing lustre and costly china, as well as on that comely group, each at that moment engaged in the business of opening the morning's letters.

Near the wide bow-window stands the master, and therefore claiming a first place in the picture; and a worthy one, for Herbert Marquis of Ravenshill was one of those favored beings to whom nature, instead of robbing at each advancing year, had at sixty only added all the charm of years worn lightly enough, for the generous, genial heart within was a perpetual wellspring of youth and beauty. "Eccentric" the world called him; and perhaps he was, in some measure, as he himself would say laughingly: "But it doesn't matter, you know, if it hurts no one."

He was certainly a great patron of art and literature, and made his house open to its votaries to an extent that had, perhaps, earned him the name of eccentric. This society saw, smiled at, but accepted, of course. It did not, though, know how often its bizarre, clever, comely favorite was in very truth a friend to the friendless and a father to the fatherless and the widow. His own wife and family, two sons and a young ward, a distant relative, fairly adored him, and, indeed, amongst the young people he was generally voted—according to sex—the "jolliest old boy" or the "sweetest old darling," and an Autumn invitation to Ravenshill Park, Devon, was reckoned as more than worth its weight in gold.

See how tenderly he stoops over his eldest son, who half reclines on a couch—himself at thirty over again in all, alas! but health and strength—for Wilfred Lord Falconer has been more or less an invalid all his life, and for that alone the loved darling of the household; and it is beautiful to see the love there is between himself and his tall, straight, handsome brother, Albert, five or six years his junior, whose greatest delight, even as a child, was to give up to Will, to whom he was chattering gayly now about his late travels, from which he has only just returned—an attention which, perhaps, his father's orphan ward, the beautiful girl lounging on the foot of Falconer's couch, thinks should be best addressed to her; but she only looks at Wilfred with a pretty little, half-vexed, half-appealing wriggle of her shoulders, as if to say: "If it were anyone but you I should box his ears." A chastisement, *en passant*, which as a child the fiery little maiden had very readily bestowed on her recreant knight, and Lady Lucia Norman had not, perhaps, quite forgotten nature's weapon. However, a sudden exclamation and a letter flung down made all look round at the lovely Marchioness.

"How provoking—how very provoking! I do declare these amateur clubs are fifty times more trouble than a whole theatre to manage."

"A most sapient truth, mother, which, I am sure, the beautiful De l'Orme will bear out," said her first-born, while the Marquis asked soothingly:

"But what has happened, my dear? Has your new acquisition, Rochester, 'turned roarer,' or —"

"No," answered her ladyship, smoothing her ruffled plumes a little; "but you are burning, for our Lady Clancarty, Bella Kynnaston, has eloped with that stupid, long-nosed Prince De Lachland, who played the violin so horribly that even the Amateur Orchestral had to dismiss him. Well," said the lady, taking a new and much-needed breath, as she looked around in grim despair, "what is to be done now, pray?"

"Sit down to breakfast, first and foremost, I should say," suggested her husband, with a twinkle in his eyes. "An inviting aroma ascends from that coffee-urn, and I don't think that spoiled boy, Albert, has quite lost his old weakness for the 'first sip from mother's coffee.'"

The young fellow laughed guiltily as his mother took her place when *en famille* ceremony was dispensed with; and as she filled the pretty china-cups he came round, laughing still, and, lifting hers, took three little sips; then retreated with his own in his hand.

"Now mine will be sweetest nectar," said he. "Now, about this elopement, mother mine?"

"Well, my dear, what more can I say? There is Mrs. Kynnaston's letter. She is in a terrible way, and I'm sure I am. All the rest of you know your parts, only awaiting the rehearsals at Ravenshill. We leave town to-morrow. We have scarcely three weeks left, and our leading-lady bolts," said Lady Ravenshill, looking round. "What is the Melpomene Club to do?"

"Play 'A Regular Fix,'" said Albert; but Wilfred put in his gentle way:

"Is there really none of the club available, mother?"

"No—most emphatically, no!" returned his mother. "It's small and select, and we've got all the best cast for the parts. Others who might on a pinch have done are already gone, and, of course, any professionals worth having have got their provincial engagements."

"No," said Falconer quickly. "There is one who told me the other day that she had refused all managers, to have a rest—Coral De l'Orme herself. She will come to the rescue, for she is as generous as gifted."

"My dear!" exclaimed Lady Ravenshill, aghast. "Ask a great actress like her to act with amateurs? She wouldn't do it, Will. She would refuse, even though it is for charity."

"I am certain," repeated Falconer calmly, setting down his coffee-cup on the little table beside him, "that Coral De l'Orme will help you with instant readiness, and I am still more certain," with a wicked glance at his brother, "that, whoever else she refused, she would not refuse me anything. I will ask her."

"Dear me, my Lord Falconer," laughed Albert, "are you such a favorite knight in that quarter, then?"

"I am a privileged old fogy anywhere, my dear boy, spoiled by all. So, mother, only give me a note of invitation to her, and I will do all the asking. She can come down with the Grenfells."

"Wilfred, you shall have a putty medal and a kiss at Christmas!" exclaimed Lucia, clapping her pretty hands. "It will be so awfully jolly to play Lady Betty to La Coral's Lady Clancarty."

"And my Lord Woodstock, I hope, *belle cousine*," added young Albert Leigh sentimentally.

She colored, flirted her fingers in his handsome face, and jumped up.

"Wilfred, you want your writing-case."

"I do, most nobie lady; also Mrs. Kynnaston's letter, also mother's invitation."

"Don't you fatigue yourself," put in his father anxiously. "Remember to-morrow's journey."

"I will take care, dear father. Will you kindly ring? Bentham shall take this, and wait for an answer. He can't be long going to Grafton street, and then, mother, your mind will be at rest. I've left all details of the cast, etc., to be told her at Ravenshill."

"You are a jewel, Will."

He smiled a sweet, half-sad smile, and glanced involuntarily at his brother, who caught and answered that look instantly, impetuously.

"No, no, dear old Will; mother's right. You are the 'brightest jewel in her crown,' not worthless me. Now, I'm going to read aloud to you till Bentham returns."

Albert Leigh read well, for to natural gifts of voice and manner he had added cultivation, and half an hour passed very quickly. Then Bentham, Falconer's own man, returned with a dainty little scented note, which, with a triumphant smile, its owner read aloud:

MY DEAR LORD.—I shall be happy to accept your mother's kind invitation, which, in fact, I had to refuse weeks ago, as I then thought I should be obliged to accept an engagement in Manchester. I will play any part you wish to fill up. Please pardon haste from Yours, very truly. C. DE L.

"She's a brick on the stage and off it!" exclaimed Albert as the Marchioness breathed a sigh o' relief, and Falconer said laughingly:

"I told you she would do anything I asked her, my Lord Albert Leigh. There, now, you and Lucia take your chattering tongues into the park, for I am tired."

And he laid back in the silken cushions and closed his eyes; but Lucia stooped to drop a tender little sister's kiss on the broad, pale brow before she ran off to join her gay-hearted, handsome companion—aye, gay and free-hearted now, but would he be only a few weeks or months hence?

CHAPTER III.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM AT RAVENSHILL.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen of the Melpomene Dramatic Club," said the charming Marchioness of Ravenshill, looking comically round the large circle of guests assembled in the stately drawing-room of Ravenshill Park, "I think our rehearsals and performances cannot fail to go well, since, in place of the sometime Mrs. Kynnaston, I have been so fortunate as to secure the invaluable assistance of no less an actress than Coral De l'Orme herself; so I hope we all know our parts well, or both she and our stage-manager, Mr. Haynes, will scold us terribly."

"I wonder," said the dashing young Duchess of Bradsmere, who had never yet seen the great actress in private life, "that she will condescend to play with amateurs."

"Oh, my dear, with her position and fame she can do anything, and there isn't the least bit of nonsense about her. I assure you she is the most fascinating girl you ever met."

"I wonder you're not afraid," whispered her Grace behind her fan, with a significant glance at young Leigh.

"Oh, my dear," said his mother, truly enough, "it's no use fashing myself in that respect. She's in society, and he'd meet her in other good houses if he didn't in ours," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Such matters are best left to take their chance. One can't narrow in one's art circle because a handsome son may be impressionable and a great actress is beautiful. She will be down before dinner with the Grenfells."

"How did you manage so clever a stroke, Lady Ravenshill?" asked a handsome young man, turning round from some photographs.

"Not so very difficult in one way, Mr. Rochester, for we know her half-sister's husband, Major Grenfell—she lives with them—is an old friend of my husband's. I had asked them all down just before you joined our club, when the secretary of Brairly Hospital here wrote to ask me for aid, and suggested a performance by our clever dramatic club. A capital idea, as Brairly is a large town and the theatre a good one; so I set about it at once, wrote over to Albert to get up Woodstock's part, and all; and here we all are; but it was not till Bella Kynnaston chose to elope, a few days ago, that impudence went so far as to dream of the De l'Orme. Falconer, the privileged one, did it all," she added, laughing. "She answered his note directly. Wasn't it good of her? Of course you've seen her act?"

"Oh, yes. How extraordinarily she took the London world by storm four years ago, when she first came over from Paris, and she was only eighteen."

"No wonder, Mr. Rochester; but, then, look at her rare gifts, her wonderful and versatile genius; and she came with a foreign reputation, too, young as she was."

"And unrivaled foreign training, too," added Claude Rochester. "There is nothing like that here. We have no Comedie Francaise or Theatre Francaise. Who is she really Lady Ravenshill?"

"Of proud descent and gentle birth enough," her ladyship answered. "Her father was Colonel De l'Orme. His eldest daughter, who is ten years older than the actress, married Major Grenfell; but Coral, even as a wee child, showed such love and wonderful genius for the dramatic art that her father very wisely and properly gave in to her determination, and took her abroad to study. She came on the Continent two years before she appeared here, but he lived to see her triumph, both on the foreign and the English stage."

"He is dead, then?"

"He died shortly after her first appearance in London, just over four years ago, as Juliet, you remember, perhaps; and since then her headquarters are with the Grenfells, who are good amateur actors, and belong to our club," said the lady, running on without any stop, adding, merrily: "You must take care of your heart, for she is as fascinating as she is pure and beautiful, and acting lover, you know, may be dangerous."

"Unless," said the young man with a laugh, and a flash of his bright eyes, "I could make it earnest."

"I wouldn't take a wager for your success," laughed the Marchioness, "for she has refused titled offers. She wouldn't leave the stage for any man yet born!"

"Suppose I did not ask it?"

"I did not know you contemplated turning Benedict, Mr. Rochester!"

"There is no saying that one of your charming sex may not tempt me to turn, madame," he answered, bowing low; "and perhaps a little reality might improve my role of Lord Clancarty. I fear La Coral will refuse your humble servant's amateur efforts!"

"Well, Falconer told her what the play was, and only left the cast for personal introduction. We must all mind our p's and q's, or we shall catch it. Ah, there is the carriage, I do believe. Excuse me, *mon ami!*"

And she hurried away, while Claude Rochester joined the other guests, gay and debonnaire as usual, with fair, unruffled brow and smiling lip, not, to all appearance, an unfitting representative of the gallant and loyal Clancarty; but those who could see within would read there a past to which he dared not point, for the Shades that would not vanish.

The dressing-bell, however, dispersed them to their rooms, and when he returned he found only the Marquis and a tall, military looking man, whom he introduced as Major Grenfell.

"I saw the posters about in the town as we drove through from the station," said the Major, "and I told my sister Coral that she must not be too hard on the new member!"

"You were kind, Major. And what did Miss De l'Orme say?"

"Laughed, and would not promise. Ah, here they all come."

Only the Marchioness and a tall, slight, exquisitely graceful girl in the very flower and pride of her youth and majestic beauty—

The mind, the music, breathing in her face—

the wondrous beauty of soul, of genius, which gives the breath of life to the chiseled statue, and makes it a living being; and if Claude Rochester had thought her a nobly handsome woman on the stage, he was absolutely silent for a moment as he turned to receive the introduction.

"Miss De l'Orme, let me present Mr. Rochester to you as Lord Clancarty."

As her glance rested for a moment on his face the actress started slightly—so slightly, so instantly veiled under the graceful bow, that no one saw the momentary change in the beautiful face.

"I am too much honored," said Rochester, bending very low, "in being permitted to play to such a Lady Clancarty as Coral De l'Orme. It is really too bad of us to trespass on your holiday and kindness. We shall all do our best; but you will be lenient to us, I am sure. Genius is ever merciful."

"Mr. Rochester, I am afraid you are trying to curry favor for more leniency than any member of the Melpomene Club needs. How have you cast the other leading parts? For my sister Florence has been very mysterious!"

"Has she? She herself is only Susannah. The Major plays Lord Spencer; our fair hostess, Mother Hunt; the Marquis, William the Third —"

"He is much too good to play the detestable Orangeman," put in the actress. "Well, and Portland?"

"Is the Duke of Bransmere. Lord Albert Leigh is Woodstock, and Lady Lucia plays Lady Betty Noel."

"That is well cast. Are any dress-rehearsals fixed yet?"

"Well," said Lady Ravenshill, "the stage-manager—of course, you know Haynes—said that if you came down to-day we had better begin to-morrow at ten, as he knew several would be needed."

"I am quite at your service," said the young actress. "I suppose you all know your parts, and have had a few undress-rehearsals before Miss Kynnaston eloped?"

"Oh, yes!" laughed Claude; "and I suspect that cheval glasses have been in much secret request for private gets-up in the night hours."

"I suspect, too, and —— Ah, pardon me, I see a friend entering!"

Coral broke off abruptly as Lord Falconer came slowly in, and, turning, met him with eager, outstretched hands and a glad, uplifted face of sunlight, which already sent a thrill of jealousy through Rochester's breast.

"I have been on the *qui vive* for you, my lord, ever since I arrived," she said. "It seems so long since I saw you last. See, there is your chair. Take my arm, for you look tired."

"Thank you, my dear," and the gentle, languid voice, the sweet, patient smile, touched to the quick all that beautiful tenderness—surely a relic of Heaven left in fallen man—which makes a true-hearted woman cling to the weak and suffering. "You spoil me, like the rest, so that I venture to treat you as if you were a sort of personal piece of property of mine!"

"I hope you will always treat me so, my lord," she said, smiling, as she led him to his large, luxurious invalid chair, and arranged the soft cushions behind him as he sank into it. "You would find me very obedient!"

"I am afraid, my dear, that someone would dispute my claim to such valuable property."

Was it the words—a little sad, for all their light tone—or that his white fingers, toying half-absently with her left hand, touched a curious, broad antique ring she wore; but the blood flushed suddenly and painfully over her colorless face—only momentarily, only like a passing cloud; but Falconer's blue eyes, quick, keenly observant, noticed it in silence, to be recalled to memory one sorrowful day.

"Only the public, my lord," the actress answered lightly, just as young Leigh entered, saluted the others, and then came straight up to his brother's chair.

"To go through a solemn introduction to Miss De l'Orme would be a farce on my part," he said, holding out his frank, loyal hand. "And I knew, you see, under whose wing I should find you. Off the stage, I think Wilfred considers himself the representative of the public, and so, with a cunning hypocrisy that is perfectly sickening, manages to get the richest, the rarest, the proudest, the fairest," with a low bow that pointed the compliment.

"Nay," she answered in the same strain, "I suspect that his chair has a magic charm, and was always a refuge for the destitute; and I, like the rest, only run into harbor."

"You are right," said Leigh softly, and his hand dropped suddenly on his brother's. "Will was always a magician."

"A very mortal one, dear boy, I am afraid," said Falconer, as the other guests came in, and dinner was announced. "Miss De l'Orme, may I escort you?—for," taking her arm with a smile, "I know I may lean on your strong, steady arm!"

Albert fell back to his cousin Lucia, and Rochester bit his lip as the heir of Ravenshill passed out, leaning on the beautiful actress—the beautiful De l'Orme, as she was called. But Claude was one of the first to rejoin the ladies in the drawing-room, and made his way at once to a table a little apart, at which Coral was seated.

"I have made good my escape, you see, my fair Countess," he said, "for metal more attractive here!"

She glanced up from the engravings she had been absently turning over, and a very keen observer might have fancied that internally she shrank from him. The statuesque face, which in perfect repose had some very sorrowful lines about the broad brow, and delicate, almost severely firm lips, did not light up as he drew near. The lips smiled, but not the dark eyes, as she answered him, and the beautiful hand moved restlessly—her left hand—and, as the light fell on it, Rochester noticed on the third finger a singular antique-looking ring of solid gold, very broad—unusually so—and richly chased, and, stooping over the engravings, he could make out, amist the delicate scroll-work, the word "Fidelis!"

He wondered, with a very unreasonable feeling of jealously, who gave her that odd ring, or what was its history, little guessing then how sad a history it was. He wondered, too, whether, as Lady Clancarty, she would take it off to be replaced by a wedding-ring.

"I think," he said, opening an elegant photograph album, "that in this the Marchioness has you in nearly all your varied characters."

"Except my real one, I suppose," said Coral. "Close the book, Mr. Rochester. I am so tired of myself!"

"But I am not, Miss De l'Orme, and I was not in town last year when you were playing Lady Clancarty. Please let me find her here."

The actress laughed, said carelessly "If you please," and, rising, moved away to Lady Lucy Norman, while Claude found the photo. he sought.

He was not disappointed. The left hand was visible, and on the third finger was a broad gold ring—looking, indeed, not unlike the antique, massive wedding-ring which Lady Clancarty might have worn. He closed the album, and glanced at the superbly beautiful original. What was she saying to the hostess now? He could hear nothing but the low, soft, musical cadence of the rich voice. She took care of that.

"Who and what is Mr. Rochester, dear Lady Ravenshill?"

"A well-born, fairly well-off man, my dear, for two years ago he came into a pretty little property from his father's side, linked with the name of Rochester."

"And his own, then?" Coral said quietly, indifferently; but the flower in her hand fell crushed on her robe.

"His own! Oh, Vane—Edward Claude Vane. He ought to have some property from his mother's side, but there is an old story about that, which I must tell you another time!"

Coral bowed. Perhaps she could better have told the odd story than either the fair speaker or Claude Vane Rochester.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DAYS THAT ARE DEAD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ANNIE M. CURTIS.

Who whispers that Summer is ended and done,
Yet chides me to-day for a tear?
Ah! sadder than anything under the sun
Is the song of the wind loitering near.
Why marvel at last that my heart should make moan
O'er pleasures that faded too soon?
Why wonder that here in the shadow alone
I grieve for the lilies of June?

Don't ask did I dream through the harvest of bloom,
Or idly and heedlessly stray—
I cared not to garner the treasures till gloom
Stole over the light of the day.
And now, when the leaves that are scentless and sere
Fall thick in the way that I tread,
My heart wanders back o'er a vanishing track
To the beautiful days that are dead.

O friends true and tender! O souls full of trust!
You come not to pity or save;
Then the sound of your singing and laughter is lost
In the lonely broad night of the grave,
While I stand at the end of a bloom-bordered path,
Where happy I wandered of yore,
With tears falling fast o'er the roseate hopes
That can never be mine any more.

GUBBS' FIRST APPEARANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ADOLPHE DORR.

"You knew Gubbs, Sam Gubbs, didn't you? No? Well, you know Charles Frederic Augustus Beaumont-Fletcher Eveylyn, the only original and unprecedented interpreter of Shakespearian character (see bills) that has appeared since the Swan of Avon?' That's the man. They are the same."

So spake our genial Heavy Father. Robbyns—spelled with two *b*b's and a *y*—was his name in the flesh, and, therefore, for some occult reason, we mostly called him "Wigs." Occasionally his friends diversified him into "Viggins," and I *have* heard him addressed as "Voltigern." Once a stranger at the wings hailed him as "Rubbers!" on which Viggins knocked him down. Wigs was a short, stout, glowing man, with a slightly bald head and a rather massive, cheerily-colored face—tricolored, in fact, for the groundwork was light meerschaum, cheeks and nose Indian red and chin indigo blue. His small, clear, sparkling eyes twinkled like a toad's. His voice was fat, and provocative of laughter. He took snuff. And couldn't he drink beer! But my readers know him, or, if not, can readily recognize him from this description.

"Yes," repeated he, "Gubbs is Eveylyn, and Eveylyn is Gubbs."

"Never liked Gubbs," grumbled our first gravedigger, who in private life is one of the most dolorous dogs you ever met with.

"Too lackadaisical and niminipimany," said another.

"Too rumbustious," said a third.

"Too sentimental," added a fourth.

"Seems to me a very nervous man, but beyond doubt a great artist," quietly put in our tragedian, himself an artist of more than average talent.

"Right you are, Freddy," broke in Wigs; "so while we pump out this ha'pworth of sack I will tell you the history of a good little boy, and, as the Tract Society's instructive biographies say, 'go and do likewise.'"

Then Wigs told this story:

"Samuel Gubbs, like many in the profession, was rather well born. His father, Squire Gubbs, owned The Hall' and a considerable extent of property in Mangel-wurzelshire, England. The father himself was very like a mangel-wurzel in top-boots, but his only son and heir, Samuel, was quite an elegant young man. So thought Julia Bombazine—of the Bombazine of that ilk—and she cultivated him accordingly. When Julia came home from school they had acted charades at Bombazine Court. You never saw such trash. I was there. In what capacity it is not necessary here to reveal. So was Sam Gubbs, the son. Young Sam's part was to come in as a market-gardener in a white apron with a spade in his hand, and to present the leading lady with an appie. In his confusion he presented the lady with the spade, which, being refused, he handed her the apple, and let the spade down with such a vicious dig on her toes that he nearly cut a slice off her little satin slipper. The lady uttered an angry squeal. The audience roared again, and Sam tore out ignominiously at the wrong door, full bang against a group of servants, and knocked a Jeames with a tray of glasses down two flights of stairs. That ought to have satisfied any amateur; but—would you believe it?—the infatuated animal was stricken with a belief that he had in him the materials of a great actor. He studied hard by himself for a time, and then came to our shop for instruction. Montague Motonpise, our manager, took him by the hand. Sam was a good fellow, soft a little, but generous. Stood all round. Repeated the dose. Would even go a third on demand. But he could drink none himself. Two glasses would have sewn him up. One stiff rummer would set him off talking of Garrick and Siddons and all those old fogies that have gone down the stream of time. So the curious physiological problem presented itself to our view of a young man who paid for drink—for, of course, *he* always paid—and liked to drink, and couldn't drink and didn't drink, and yet wanted to drink. It was an interesting study for us on whom sack fell scatheless. But I leave all that to the philosophers.

"Mark me! I throw no discredit on the profession generally, but Motonpise was a bit of a sneak. He took Gubbs' money and bolstered him up. He gave

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

G. A. R., Jackson.—B loses. He saw his opponent's five cards and pronounced them good. A could get no higher or better decision than that, and B could not claim the right to give two decisions as to the same five cards. One reason that a player cannot give two decisions is that the second may be at the suggestion of an outside party, who sees more in the hand than the holder himself; and the opponent is playing against one man, not against two, or the whole house. The moment B proclaimed A's hand good he abandoned all claim to the pot. Had he laid his own cards out on the board, and said nothing about his opponent's, then the cards in both hands would have shown for themselves.

J. J. HALL AND H. KEARNEY.—If the race is to be rowed for money staked by one of the principals and a backer of the other contestant, then both men will thereafter be classed as professionals. If, however, you allude to a simple bet between Reilly and an outsider on the result, in which Bagley is not interested, then the latter's status as an amateur is not affected. There is nothing in the amateur rule prohibiting those engaged in a race from betting money on the result of the same. But a race must not be contested for money regularly staked by either the principals or by third parties.

CLERSMAN, Lynn.—The principal match races rowed by the late Halifax sculler George Brown were: Beat Robert Fulton, St. John, three miles, for $2,000, five miles, Oct. 12, 1872; beat John Bizlin, $2,000, five miles, Oct. 8, S., Sept. 24, 1873; beat Billy Scharff, $4,000, five miles, Springfield, Mass., July 8, 1874; beat Evah Morris, $4,000, five miles, near St. John, N. B., Sept. 26, 1876. The last two races were for the championship of America. Brown may have rowed other matches earlier in his career, but we never saw any account of them.

G. B.—1. "Divorce" ran 202 consecutive performances. We never made the salary any particular professional receives. 2. "Humpty Dumpty," produced in the Olympic Theatre March 10, 1868, and withdrawn May 15, 1869, after 483 performances, is that had a longer consecutive run in this city than any other piece. 3. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was produced in the National Theatre, this city, July 18, 1853, and ran until April 19, 1854. After that date it was acted three nights a week and Wednesday and Saturday matinees until May 13 of that year.

J. A. H., Washington.—1. loses. Even if they were to shift their remaining games, they would not be able to win any other place. 2. A score of 100 is rounded, but it is immaterial, so far as the bet is concerned, whether they have scored 99 or 101. The wager became fixed the moment the game opened play for the championship. If they had started in it, A withdrawn from the race the same as if they had played throughout would lose the same as if they had played throughout the season and been beaten.

J. T., Suspension Bridge.—The child is a citizen of the United States, and would be liable to do military duty. It is absurd to fancy that any foreign government would step in and relieve the family from the disadvantages of a residence here, after they had for twenty-one years enjoyed its advantages. No home Government would brook such an interference. The son is entitled to all the rights of American citizenship, and must be prepared to bear the hardships as well as enjoy the blessings.

D. E. S., Philadelphia.—In this country, is one who, according to the definition adopted in this country, is one who does not enter in an open competition, or for either a stake, public or admission money or entrance fee; nor compete with or against a professional for any prize; who has never taught, pursued or assisted in the pursuit of any athletic exercise as a means of livelihood. 2. You will find what you want in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. He is.

H. B. W.—The balloon rises because it is filled with gas or air that is much lighter than the air by which it is surrounded. As it ascends, it gradually gets into atmospheric strata whose rarity corresponds with the gravity of the sphere outside of it. When the balloon and air correspond exactly in gravity with the air in the balloon, the latter cannot rise. Thus there is a limit to the power of the balloon to mount upwards.

F. M. C., Ellenburg, ——.—When the umpire has called one ball or more, calling the batsman has made or had one strike ball called, does the umpire then commence calling balls at each fair or foul hit is caught on the fly. 2. A number of balls that had "one ball," or go on record as "one ball and one strike" was made or called"..... A history of the Rebellion, you will get an accurate idea of the peculiar circumstances of the case.

MILLER, Austin.—In the absence of something to explain them, the words could not be held to mean any particular thing. A contract so worded would be defective.

J. K., Philadelphia.—Any male Catholic is eligible to the office of President of the United States. 2. He would not get 25 cents for them, probably. Try some broker.

H. S. AND F. C., Brooklyn.—In 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 4, the player of it counts for the last card (4), if it was the last card, and counts for a run.

M. C.—The cards can be shuffled after the dealer has shuffled them once, and then the dealer shuffles again, which is the end of that sort of work.

W. A. L., Winchendon.—1. Any leader of orchestra can furnish you the music. 2. From ten to twenty minutes.

3. Certainly, if you were as good as the person whose name.

INQUIRER.—1. Simply by practice. 2. When children, up to 16 or 18 years of age. 3. No. There is no work on that subject in print.

C., Baltimore.—1. The run did not count. 2. Send scores as soon as possible after day of playing. 3. We have one.

R. J. H., Chicago.—The Chicagos and Cincinnatis were tied the first week this season, and since then the Chicagos have the best of the League championship.

H. SCHORPS, Williamsburg.—Hen wins the beer. If Hanlan defends the cup typical of the championship of England, he is obliged to go to England to row the race.

WISHON, Mian.—1. The minstrels have made use of a similar gag for several years. 2. There are published rules for the performance.

W. H. H., Philadelphia.—The quarrel does not interest our readers, and the information is too stale for our use. Shall we return the letters and dispatches sent?

H. G., also W. A. H., Astoria.—Will be pleased to hear from you occasionally; but please write on one side of paper only.

H. W., San Jose.—1. A foul ball caught in a player's mask is like being caught by his cap; so we regard it. We should say the batsman was not out. 2. No; it is a foul ball.

H. C. J., Bradford, Pa.—Appl; to Peranto, care of this office, or Prof. Carl Myers, Mohawk, N. Y.

W. H., Taconey.—According to your statement, the umpire in the game between the National of Holmesburg and the Athletics of Taconey twice willfully violated the rules in allowing players of the first-named club to score runs on foul hits, and the Athletics consequently were entitled to the victory.

CHARLES RUCKER, Troy.—The dealer has no right to take into his hand the turned-up card until he wishes to play it. After he has taken it into his hand he cannot be required to show it, but he can be made to say what suit is trump.

J. Y.—In buying goods at fifty per cent. discount from the list and selling them at the list-price, your profit on the latter is a problem which the purchaser of which is one hundred per cent. It is for you to find out what you can sell it for every dollar you put out; you take in two.

C. D., London.—A was playing alone, and therefore could expose as many of his cards as he pleased, without incurring any penalty. Had his partner been along with him, the exposed card could have been called inadvertently, and then the exposed card would have guided the partner's play, as its exposure would have guided the opponents.

GEO. B. C., Easton.—It all depends on the conditions which governed the competition for the belt whether it is won by him. If it did not thereby become his personal property, he should either accept a proper challenge from you or give up the belt.

W. H. B., Baltimore.—Such an advertisement would aid you in procuring engagements. Get a chance to play on the variety stage one night next Fall, and if you make a hit engagements will follow. You can buy instruments either in this city or in this, at music-stores.

O. F., Willoughby.—1. If you mean a 3-tube, send address A. W. Franenthal, 128 South Third street, Philadelphia, for their "Horse at the American Turf," which they sell at 50 cents. 2. We have one for amusements. Occasional sporting items of interest will be acceptable.

J. K. S., Kansas City.—Not necessarily; but as the number of starters will be limited to twenty-five, and there are now nearly forty entered, a man with a good record will of course stand a better chance of being accepted than a new one.

D. H., Chillicothe.—No answers by mail. We cannot say: but an advertisement inquiring for their whereabouts, the names of their owners, and the prices for which they will be sold, will speedily elicit the information.

C. F. R., Philadelphia.—The Holyokes and Harvards played a game on June 26, which was stopped on account of darkness at the end of the thirteenth inning, neither side scoring a run. The score of the game in question was never been published.

E. H. U., Ill.—That party wins who bet that the man weighed 150lb. When a person wishes to bet that another does not weigh just 150lb, he must clearly say that, in one way or another. A man who weighs 151lb or 250lb has nearly exactly to weigh 150lb.

MCCARTHY'S CORNER.—We find that we have not the data at hand, it not being a sporting matter, and it would not be any use for us to get it. Call at the office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. If anybody has a record of the details of that dispatch, they should have.

J. S., Chicago.—The Great Eastern had six masts at one time, and we have never heard that she had seven at any. 2. We believe that the largest is the Three Brothers, formerly the steamship Vanderbilt.

W. V., Albany.—A score of four to one is a worse beat than one of one to nothing. 2. The prescription is the property of the patient, unless the party who gives it stipulates otherwise.

FRED WILSON, San Francisco.—Edward A. Trickett has not been defeated in any race for the championship of the world since he beat Joe Sadler in England in 1876. There is no belt or trophy emblematic of that title.

EQUESTRIAN, Newcastle.—1. The contest for the O'Leary Belt will commence in this city Oct. 6 next, the entries closing Sept. 13. 2. All communications must be sent to W. B. Curtis, P. O. Box 938, New York City.

INQUIRER, Oswego.—The distance traveled by O'Leary in the first forty-eight hours of the go-as-you-please race for the Astley belt in London, Eng., in March, 1878, was two hundred miles.

JACK, Little Falls.—The umpire having willfully misinterpreted the rules by refusing to inflict a penalty provided by the rules, the game is null and void. Such a game can be protested.

SUBSCRIBER, Keyport.—The time made by Smock did not constitute a record, having been made on a track that was not level, as was expressly stated at the time. We decide bets by record only. See.

READER, Marion.—1. We do not publish the salaries of individual performers. 2. Out of the number of players who stand in the first rank, it is a matter of personal judgment whom you place at the head.

C. C., Waco.—Write to Charles Banks for a copy of "General Grant's Trip Around the World," and to E. P. Slocum for a copy of "Henry Madison Stanley, Jr." Both gentlemen can be addressed in care of this office.

POP.—Probably you will probably find that recorded in French history. 2. No. 3. No. 4. Hyer and McCluskey were of the same height, 6ft. 1½in., but Hyer weighed 152lb., while McCluskey scaled 170lb.

R. H. C., Washington.—When the third strike is caught on the fly, the batsman is not obliged to return and touch the base he occupied, as the would have to do in case a fair or foul hit is caught on the fly.

C. W. F., Perth Amboy.—He did not resign. By reading the history of the Rebellion, you will get an accurate idea of the peculiar circumstances of the case.

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SLACK-WIRE, Omaha.—Salary would depend entirely upon the reputation and ability of the performer. Say from $25 per week upwards.

C. C., Detroit.—In making a score of 17 to 0, they not only "doubled their opponents," but they also broke their opponents' backs.

R. S., Bradford City.—The ball is outside, and the player can play at it. Any ball is outside whose base is not within the string-line.

C. F. A., Baltimore.—The number of points at cribbage is sixty-one. You can make the points in a "leg" as few as you choose.

J. L., Toronto.—The greenback is worth a dollar in gold, while there is no silver coin that is worth its face in gold with brokers.

A PERSONAL FRIEND, Indianapolis.—She was recently before the public. A letter addressed to her in care of this office should reach her.

L. O., Zanesville.—Any person can perform as a magician. It is necessary to procure a license in each place where he or she exhibits.

C. R., New Brunswick.—A will win, provided that B bet (and you do not say whether he did or not) that D did not have eight dollars in his possession.

O. R., Delta.—There is no official time. Various times are announced in England and France; but, as none is reliable, we pay no attention to any.

J. W., POLLARD, Dallas.—1. There is no such title. 2. Mace is much the cleverer performer with his hands. 3. That honor, we believe, belongs to Yankee Sullivan.

OLD JUDGE.—The late George Christy did the wench business.

K. A. H., Philadelphia.—We do not issue correspondents' cards on those conditions.

CHARLIE, Boston.—1. If the song is published, you can use it. 2. Do not know the firms in that city.

ACTOR, Houlton.—A letter so addressed should reach him.

G. R. W., Detroit.—No answers by mail. We know nothing about her.

A SUBSCRIBER, New Orleans.—We cannot spare the space to publish the names of all the plays in his repertory.

C. K., Brooklyn.—At raffles three sixes will beat three aces.

CAIRO.—We cannot say, inasmuch as it is a matter of opinion, in the first place, which is the finest.

HALTIMORE.—If the game was a given number of points up, A could call out.

IKE, Thorold.—The articles of agreement for that race expressly stated that it was not for the championship.

J. MCH., Montreal.—Those hands are not to be put into the pack.

H. C., Philadelphia.—Three kings and two aces cannot be held against four aces, when poker is the game.

F. P. A., Brockton.—It is not usual to call the edges sides, but nevertheless they are sides.

GERMANIA, Shamokin.—At cassino a player can build two piles and have them both on the table at once.

PLAYER, Cincinnati.—Ordinarily, A would have no right to run the cards. No answers by mail or telegraph.

SPORT, San Francisco.—1. No. 2. We prefer not to give names. 3. We are not.

TIE-LAYER, Beaver Falls.—The poem was by J. H. Brown. We have not copies of that paper for sale.

INQUIRER, Killingly.—Letters addressed in care of this office will reach her.

ROUSE'S POINT.—He is still alive, and makes a tour annually.

C., Quebec.—We never heard how the appellation originated.

A. CHRISTOLAND C. WHISTLER, Kansas City.—We never push challenges that are not accompanied by a deposit.

CONSTANT READER.—The cup won by Hanlan must be rowed for in England.

E. RODGERS, Hamilton.—It is a treatise on the art of self-defense.

E. J. MORGAN, Columbus.—You will find that information in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

SUBSCRIBER, Athens.—Most of the large stores are conducted in that way.

MADISON, Chicago.—1. No answers in regard to the circulation of newspapers. 2. Write to those journals.

G. B. C., Lake View.—It is spelled Lorillard, and pronounced Lor-lard, with the accent on the first syllable.

F. C. B., Lockport.—James O'Rourke has a better batting average than the player mentioned.

G. G.—Take the 4:30 P. M. train from New York to Albany is four hours. Fare, $3.10.

B. E. A., Natick.—He has never played in any other home-position than first base.

J. SMITH, Baltimore.—The strap is a part of the base. It is a fair ball.

GREY, Mobile.—No; the League rules have not been amended since the opening of the season.

BIG HORN, Fort McKenny.—Round bats alone are legal in either Association.

JOHN COFFEY.—They have been out of print for some time.

CHICAGO.—Faro is a game that is regulated mainly by the rules of the house in which it is played.

W. F., St. Louis.—No. The "widow" (a blind hand) ceases to be such as soon as it has been turned up.

T. STARLETON, Middlebury.—Thank you; but we do not require the services of a "regular" there.

READER, Wheeling.—A paragraph in reference to the match was already in type when your letter arrived.

D. W. MCC., Keokuk.—The Sho-wae-cae-mettes are not professionals.

T. F. GAGEN, San Francisco.—1. Thanks; we are already provided for. 2. We have none of those papers.

DECLINED.—The Eighth Ward Solid Men," "Send Me But a Token."

W. F., Philadelphia.—The Peytona and Fashion race took place on Tuesday, May 13, 1845.

LOTERIA.—Do not know enough about the lottery to answer your question.

TWO FRIENDS.—Of John Bogan, 101 East Houston street.

CONSTANT READER.—A full hand beats a flush at poker.

R. K., Milwaukee.—They are resting for the Summer.

MARSHALLTOWN, Iowa.—See answer to "Palestine."

J. H. R.—Your children are citizens, but you are not.

EVAN MORGAN, Columbus.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

H., Wheeling, W. Va.—Expires with No. 30, Vol. 27.

NEWPORT, Ky.—A had no right to run the cards.

W. H., Chicago.—A can call out on the sweep.

A. R.—There is no such paper now published.

W. Y. S., Houghton.—A goes out on his low.

ROCHESTER, Minn.—It was a misdeal.

E. F. B., Smithville.—Out of print.

HARPE.—H can call out at once.

THE AMERICAN ROAD-HORSE.

New York, the Mecca of roadsters and road-riders, can boast of the finest specimens of driving horses in the world. The drives in and about the great metropolis are a wonder to the stranger, on account of both their splendid construction and the throng of speedy animals which daily pass over them. Twenty-five years ago road-riding was not a popular recreation among men of wealth, and the sport was partaken of more with a view to exercising the animals than to lifting the cares of the business-man. Through the efforts of certain public-spirited gentlemen, who love the horse for the horse's sake, an era of legitimate and rational recreation was opened. They recognized, and, by force of example, proved the fact, that a man could drive a speedy horse and be a gentleman at the same time. Old Harlem Lane was the great resort a decade ago; but with the new era it was not sufficient for the demands made upon it. With the new order of things came a change in the character of the road-ways, and now no finer drives can be found than the boulevards of New York and Brooklyn. Not only have they afforded pleasure to thousands, but they have been the means of extending the two cities. It is only the residents and habitues of this, the great centre of fine road-stock, who realize the influence this particular type of horse has had upon the two cities—an influence which no thinking and observant man will doubt; for if it were not for the road-horse the splendid boulevards would not have been constructed on the magnificent scale in which they were. They were intended for driveways, and are as perfect as human art could make them. With the fine drives came the erection of fine buildings—another result directly traceable to the introduction or elevation of the sport. In more ways than one it can be proved that the road-horse is an element of positive benefit to our metropolis or any other city. The wealth which is expended in his behalf fosters a profitable industry, and that industry in turn adds wealth to the nation. What constitutes a perfect road-horse is a subject of interest. It should be borne in mind that what will do for the track will not always do for the road. The ideal road-horse is an animal which is strong, sound, speedy and level-headed. These are primary requisites, but he must possess others. He must require no boots, weights, or any of those patent appliances which are intended to develop speed—devices intended for the track, and which at their best are but ugly-looking pieces of furniture. He requires none of these, but must be a natural trotter, with a wide, open stride, and able to do a "thirty" gait to a road-wagon. More than this, he must be of good disposition, yet full of courage and endurance. He must have no vices, and be able to face all kinds of sounds and sights. Such an animal may be called a perfect road-horse. A gentleman could not take more beneficial and rational recreation than road-driving. It braces the nerves and stimulates the mental powers to healthy action, as is well known by all who have sat behind a speedy horse. Men of wealth know the value of this kind of sport, and are willing to pay for it, as is instanced in the cases of such horses as Dexter, Small Hopes, Captain Jack, Lady Mac and Lysander, all of which have made their mark on the turf and are first-class road-horses.

"LIFE OF BUFFALO BILL."—This is among the latest publications from the house of Frank E. Bliss, Hartford, Ct. It is an autobiography of the famous hunter, scout, guide, and actor. It is profusely illustrated with engravings of many of the remarkable and exciting scenes in which the Hon. Wm. F. Cody has played such an important part. The frontispiece is a capital likeness of Buffalo Bill, engraved in the highest style of the art on steel. It is a work of 365 pages, printed in large, clear type, on heavy paper, and seems to have been issued without regard to cost. The interest never flags, incident following incident in quick succession, enlisting the attention of the reader from beginning to end. To Mr. Cody, through his agent, Josh. E. Ogden, we are indebted for a copy of this very readable book.

JUDGE COWING'S proposition to chasten Chastine Cox on the 29th day of August is vain. Trying a man for murder in our Court of General Sessions is a waste of time—unless he is acquitted. The law virtually assumes that the Judge of that court, whoever he may happen to be, is a green hand who can never ripen sufficiently to have the life of a human being entrusted to his rulings. The intellectual Cox can have a stay of proceedings merely because he was convicted in that court, and because of that stay he can get another, which will run his case into the Court of Appeals. It is not at all likely that Chastine will be permitted to take his departure without the authorities having extended to him their choicest hospitalities, in the form of a Christmas-dinner.

"DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED" would be a better plea for Currie, the killer of the actor Porter, than that he offers, viz., "self-defense." An unloaded weapon, although frequently destroying life, has also saved life, and we can only wonder why Currie's well-feed lawyers didn't adopt it as a means of defense for their unfortunate client.

AT LONG BRANCH this season there are more degrees of tone than ever before. There are three grades—the hotel guests, the dwellers in cottages, and the excursion parties—and a war of caste is impending.

MEN who steal are on the *qui vive* among the bathing-places along the Atlantic coast. Leave your valuables at home, and thus circumvent the machinations of these free-traders.

SIDESHOWMEN should at once turn their faces towards the rising sun. North Perry, Me., is developing an infant giantess. A year ago, at its birth, it weighed but nine pounds. Now it is three feet high, and is as heavy as a very healthy twelve-year-old boy ought to be. Its parents are quite ordinary people as to size, but its grandfather was a startling cuss, whose hat towered aloft, whose shoulders were very wide apart, and who had to wilt in his boots and wriggle sideways before he could get into any house having a door of average size. Why be overlooked his own children and transmitted his giant stature to his female grandchild would be an interesting topic for debate among college-professors. The truth arrived at, giants would cheapen, perhaps, as our sideshowmen might be able to order them years in advance.

CHICAGO has scored another victory, and Cincinnati is in grief. She has lost George Rohn, the four-year-old known as "the boy with a tail." This ornament, which is covered with silken hair of eloquent glossiness, is fourteen inches long, and is rendered conspicuous by having been placed by nature at the precise point of Master George's anatomy that corresponds with the birthplace of the tail of the normal monkey. When weary, the little fellow can rest himself by leaning back against his tail, by means of which, with the floor or ground as a base of operations, he can execute such a number of forward somersaults as would make him invaluable as a member of a circus troupe. In winning this curiosity from Cincinnati, Chicago is almost recompensed for the defeats she has encountered at the hands of St. Louis.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, on July 15, the battle of Stony Point was fought, ending in the capture of the fort and its garrison by Anthony Wayne. Last week the celebration of this event took place, and "Our Jim," under a mistaken idea as to the battle, went up the Hudson to "assist in the racket." The boy, it appears, labored under the delusion that it was at Stony Point where originated the celebrated "street stone-fights" which have since become popular among certain classes of boys in large cities. Jim will not have to fill that vast a stone-fight, fire and sword, but insists that it was a stone-fight, and that from that fact the place received its name.

IT IS NOT OFTEN that they get the chance, and our girls should be prepared to marry in any weather. This thought is suggested by the sad case of an eighteen-year-old damsel in North Bend, Neb., on the eve of the bloody Twelfth of July. Her lover had proposed to wed her on the Fourth. She consented; but when the anniversary of her independence came round she rejected the bridal-wreath, on the ground that the day was too hot. He did the best he could—waited for cooler weather; but it came not, and seven days after she had put him off he put one little bullet into her arm and another into her back, wounding her nigh unto death.

ALTHOUGH he could turn flapjaps around the circus-ring, yet the Edwin Forrest whom Americans venerate as a tragedian was never much of a trotter. This defect is now atoned for by his equine namesake, who last week cleared a mile to wagon in 2:15¼. This is marvelous speed; but it was accomplished in private, and it is scarcely necessary to remind our turf-readers that, no matter how fast it is said that Mr. Bonner's horse went last Saturday, his time does not "go." There can be no certainty that some other horse has not done as well, or even better—in private.

VISITORS to Coney Island should carefully avoid overfeeding. The air is so invigorating that, no matter what he puts into it, a man's stomach becomes like unto a still. Last week a lecturer for Barnum's Show, who protested that he had taken in nothing but the sea-air, got off with a reprimand, in virtue of his fame as a sideshow-blower; while a veteran of the Mexican War, who swore that he had taken in only a few clams, was sent to Blackwell's Island for one month.

WHILE all other industries in this country are making favorable progress, the culture of elephants seems to be at a stand-still. Why is this? For show purposes the elephant is one of the most valuable of our native productions, and its tusks afford most excellent material for the manufacture of billiard-balls. While we make the best Hyson tea and Java coffee in this country, and produce a pure article of Cashmere shawls, why should we not devote equal attention to the propagation of the elephant?

A BROOKLYN DIVINE laments the emptiness of his pews, and the fullness of the trains that run to the nearest seaside. It is evident that he is not hasty in his grief, or unreasonable. He has "examined the Bible on this subject from beginning to end," and the result of his careful and profound research is the conclusion that the "Coney Island movement transgresses the standard of Scripture in all possible ways."

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK" is ceasing to be a sarcasm. In St. Mark's, Fla., one of the craft the other day fell into luck early on the trip. In sooth, he had not yet got into his boat, but, spade in hand, was fishing for the inviting worm, when up came an old brass kettle containing fourteen hundred dollars in gold. The town of St. Mark's has since changed hands, and the poor fisherman of a fortnight ago is now an autocrat.

A DANGER that threatened serious results to the camp-meeting at Rehobeth, below the Delaware Breakwater, has been happily averted. It appears the question arose among the brethren whether dancing should be permitted or not. A good deal of feeling was manifested, but finally the dancing brethren cast out the non-dancers "by a large majority," and Rehobeth was saved!

OLD BILLY BOYCE'S laurels are fast fading. Last week, one Sleepy Tom paced in harness within a quarter of a second as fast as Billy did under saddle eleven years ago. As this 2:14¾ pacer, besides being sleepy, is a blind nag, we anticipate that there will shortly turn up a deaf-and-dumb beast that will pace in 2:12, more or less.

PATRIOTISM is certain of its reward. An aged man, formerly a prosperous lawyer here, had to beg a night's lodging of the police last week. For thirty years or so it has been his proud boast that his father, an Admiral in the U. S. Navy, was the first man to raise the American flag in California.

SPITE of their rather speedy victory over Cornell and the Wesleyans last week, the crew of Columbia College were in hard luck in being denied more worlds to conquer while they were in the mood for decisive triumphs. Harvard and Yale should also have been in their clutches.

WHEN the next hot wave floats along this way go armed, and the first man who asks "*Is this* warm enough for you?" make it still warmer for him by shooting him down in his tracks. Altogether too much latitude has heretofore been allowed these weather-breeders.

THERE was some most excellent rifle-practice at Wimbledon, Eng., last week, several American experts making remarkable scores, and tieing their English competitors. In deciding the ties, should those taking part in the contention be called off-shoots?

THE BIFED from whom Lorillard's Uncas takes his name was "coppered," and it is therefore meet that, as we learn through the cable, the horse himself should be in "hock." He has had his "last turn" in England, as there is not likely to be a new deal this season.

THERE was a curious but refreshing blending of the grave and the gay at Holyoke, Mass., when a circus tent was pitched alongside of a gospel tent. The clown sang between prayers, and the worshippers in the opposition tent felt all the better for it.

SOLDIERS who go a-camping for fun generally pass the time pleasantly away from camp. They are less in-tent on field duty in their pursuit of military knowledge than they are in quest of pleasure outside of the military line.

ST. LOUIS is preparing to look down upon us with scorn, because in her Church of the Messiah she will soon have a Pope, while this city can show nothing higher than a cardinal.

THE PEACH-CROP, although a "failure in Delaware," is "coming up smiling" in large quantities. With each and every failure down there, the peaches seem to improve in both quality and quantity.

ONE DAY last week a meteor of great brilliancy passed over Utica, N. Y., and just about the same time the Utica Baseball Club passed out of existence. Had the former anything to do with the latter?

THE INDIANS no longer merit our forbearance. They should be exterminated at once. According to Gen. Phil Sheridan, they are singing the music of "Pinafore." It needed but this.

"PINAFORE" is being run into the water. On July 18, on the passage of the steamer Republic from Philadelphia to Cape May, a performance of the opera was given on board.

IT IS SO odd an occurrence that we stop the press to record it. Last week witnessed a dead heat in a yacht race.

CHASTINE COX is to be railroaded at double-quick time, per rapid transit, on the *elevated line!*

IN THE DEATH of Harry Palmer, whose biography will be found in its appropriate place in these pages, the amusement world has lost a remarkable leader, whose energy and venturesomeness the present generation will find it not easy to match. Happily, his sufferings are at an end. If ever man experienced that was his, it was Harry Palmer.

THE OLD-TIME GLORY of the Harlem River is departing. Of the seven lively steamboats that for many years have run up there regularly, all but one are now operating in the Coney Island carrying trade. Four of them were thus diverted from their original purpose last week. This is one of the effects of rapid transit by rail.

BY OUR REPORT of the Mississippi Valley Regatta it will be seen that Chicago juniors won a double-scull race in moderate time. Much more might have been done by the winners but for the fact that Muchmore, one of the crew, had been done for in previous races during that meeting.

ON THE trial of Cox the important medical fact was elicited that "post-mortem" examinations of the deceased are sure to kill them. There is nothing so useful as murder-trials for getting at the bottom facts.

THE BOARD OF REVIEW of the National Trotting Association have "let up" somewhat on the parties directly implicated in the Edwin Forrest fraud. Next!

WHEN THE THERMOMETER marked ninety-eight degrees in the shade last week, quite a business was done in hot-corn by venders; yet no arrests were made.

EVERY racing man who follows Spendthrift is apt to become such. "He is the best horse in America," it is claimed; but it is at very odd moments.

SEVERAL American horses have been entered for the Derby, Oaks and St. Leger races, for 1881, in England. It's a long look ahead; but then, you know, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view" of the horse-race.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ANDERSON, Peter—Editor of *The San Francisco Appeal*, and one of the most prominent colored men on the Pacific Coast.—At San Francisco, Cal., July 16.

BATTERBURY, Robert B.—At one time prominent in the Masonic Order of this city—here, July 15, aged 81.

BARRY, General William F.—Inspector of the United States Army.—Suddenly, at Washington, July 16.

BENNETT, Judge.—A veteran of the War of 1812—Stonington, Ct., recently, aged 93.

BRUSH, Henry T.—A well known architect of Detroit, Mich.—Here, July 15.

BOWEN, Patrick—A centenarian—here, July 12, aged 103.

CHURCH, Samuel A.—A retired merchant of this city—here, July 15.

CUMMINGS, Alexander—At one time a very prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., where he founded the first newspaper, the long-defunct *Pennsylvania Packet*. He was removed to this city and founded *The World*. In 1860 he removed to Virginia and became Secretary of Colorado. He was afterwards Governor of the Territory of Colorado, and subsequently was appointed to the Consular Agency at Ottawa, Ont., where he remained until his death—Ottawa, July 16, aged 69.

CUMMINGS, Colonel A. M.—An ex-Mayor of Princeton, N. J., and in the late Rebellion served with the First New Jersey Cavalry—Princeton, N. J., July 16, aged 77.

CARVER, Benjamin—A prominent citizen of Chicago, Ill.—Lockport, July 19, aged 84.

CHARRAUD, John J.—Many years a well-known teacher of dancing in this city—Wilton, Ct., July 13, aged 70.

CAYCE, Col. Stuart W.—A veteran of the Mexican War, and commander of a Confederate regiment in the last war—Mobile, Ala., July 16, aged 60.

DUDLEY, Thomas J.—A prominent lawyer of Cedar Rapids, Ia.—there, July 15, aged 56.

DALE, Thomas H.—One of the best-known silk manufacturers of this country—Paterson, N. J., July 17.

FORD, B. S.—A Maryland State-senator—Ocean City, Md., July 20.

GOODWIN, Jesse O.—A prominent citizen of Marysville, Cal.—there, July 15.

GERSWOLD, White—An old resident of Chester, Ct., who had been a member of the Masonic Order for sixty-three years—there, recently, aged 90.

HOYT, Mason T.—A quartermaster in the Army during the late war—San Francisco, Cal., July 18.

HARVEY, Capt. Asel—One of the oldest steamboat captains on the Hudson—Hudson, N. Y., July 15, aged 69.

HAMILTON, John C. A.—A grandson of Alexander Hamilton—Merced, Cal., July 19.

HALL, Isaac—A prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Pa., who had been a member of the Common Council for seven years—there, July 15, aged 82.

JOHNSON, Wm.—One of the oldest and most respected citizens of Meadville, Pa.—there, July 14, aged 66.

JANUARY, D. A.—A wealthy merchant of St. Louis, Mo., well known and identified with many leading enterprises of that city—there, July 19, aged 65.

KENYON, Henry K.—A well-known inventor, who had procured many valuable patents, including one for a looping machine, which was favorably noticed at the Centennial Exposition, and one for a machine to make facture chains, which cost him $10,000 to perfect—West Troy, July 12.

LEWIS, William J.—A prominent citizen of St. Louis, Mo.—there, July 14.

LAUENSTEIN, Dr. Charles—Editor of the *Evansville Demokrat*—Evansville, Ind., July 14.

MARTIN, Lieutenant Addison D.—A veteran officer of the Rebellion—he commanded a regiment outright in the first three months' service, and afterwards was reorganized for three years—Lyle still continuing in command. At Antietam Col. Lyle received a wound from which he never fully recovered. After he was mustered out he was brevetted brigadier-general for gallantry on the field—Philadelphia, Pa., July 17, aged 57.

LOTZ, Dr. George—One of the best-known druggists in Boston, Mass.—there, July 19, aged 53.

MARTIN, Lieutenant Addison D.—A veteran officer of the Fourteenth Regiment of Brooklyn, who had served in the late war, and since then had been connected with the naval service—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 18, aged 41.

MILLER, Charles—One of the most prominent citizens of Columbus, O., where he was at one time Postmaster—there, July 15, aged 65.

MCBURNEY, Charles—A leading manufacturer of Boston and Chelsea, Mass., July 14, aged 76.

MUNROE, Lewis B.—One of the best-known teachers of elocution in Massachusetts—Boston, July 18, aged 70.

MEARGARET, Irwin N.—The eldest of three brothers long engaged in the manufacture of paper in Philadelphia, and who retired from business some years, having acquired a fortune—Atlantic City, N. J., July 20, aged 60.

MEAD, Rev. William Cooper—One of the most prominent Protestant Episcopal clergymen in the United States, for the past forty-three years he had been rector of St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Ct.—there, July 17, aged 85.

NEFF, Peter—A wealthy retired merchant of Cincinnati—there, July 19.

OWINGS, Joshua—One of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Mt. Sterling, Ky.—there, July 14.

PALMER, Harry D.—A well-known theatrical manager. (See Drama.)—London, Eng., July 19, aged 46.

RENARD, General—The Minister of War in Belgium, and author of several historical and military works—there, July 2, aged 75.

RUSSELL, James—One of the oldest shipmasters in the merchant service—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 15.

SPAULDING, John B. R.—A telegraph-operator of Baltimore, Md., who had volunteered for the Confederate service, and while nursing during the yellow-fever epidemic—Memphis, Tenn., July 14, aged 33.

SMITH, Captain Seth—A veteran officer of the War of 1812—Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, aged 93.

SEAMAN, Hon. E. C.—A prominent lawyer, who was appointed Second Controller of the Treasury under President Van Buren, and held the same position under President Fillmore. He was well known as an author, and for nine years was editor of *The Ann Arbor Journal*—Ann Arbor, Mich., July 17, aged 74.

SLAUGHTER, Col. William B.—A man of prominence in the Northwest forty years ago—Madison, Wis., July 15.

STRATTON, Franklin A.—A civil engineer of the United States Navy—Philadelphia, Pa., July 17.

SENSENY, Dr. A. H.—A leading physician and prominent citizen of Chambersburg, Pa.—July 17, aged 68.

SCHLOSSMANN, Joseph—A veteran Austrian painter—Vienna, recently.

THOMPSON, George—A well-known missionary of this city—here, July 16, aged 52.

ZARRISKIE, Christian—The descendant of an old Polish family—Morrisania, N. Y., July 16, aged 73.

BILLIARDS.

STRAY SHOTS.

Nell Bryant, who is away from Bellevue Hospital on a furlough, proposes to treat the college-professors to an exhibition of billiards in return for the attentions which they carved him up, about two months ago. While he was healing up, Nell killed time by playing on the venerable billiard-table in which his hospital rejoices; and on this table, but not with the square balls belonging to it, Sexton and Slosson will endeavor on the night of July 23 to entertain the professors with a half-hour's straight billiards, there not being room between the bed of the table and the ceiling for fancy billiards..... The widow of E. D. Bassford last week made an assignment of the clothing-store at No. 6 Fourth avenue, for the benefit of creditors. It was managed by her present husband, a clerk under Mrs. B., changed his name to E. D

SPRINGFIELD vs. JERSEY CITY.

The fourth match between the above clubs took place at Jersey City on July 21, in the presence of as large an assemblage as on Saturday, quite a revival of interest in professional playing having been brought about by the recent success and fine play of the Jersey City nine. In this game the Springfields put in Dunnigan to catch and Corcoran to pitch, but the first inning's play showed the former's inability to properly support Corcoran's swift and difficult pitching, two unearned runs, scored chiefly through passed balls on three strikes, showing the costly nature of the defect. In the second inning, with the score at 2 to 0, against them, the Springfields were forced to make a change, owing to a severe injury sustained by Dunnigan. He was struck in the face by a swift ball, and forced to retire from play, Dolan coming in to catch and Goldsmith taking the pitcher's place. From this time the contest became interesting, Goldsmith pitching with even better effect than on Saturday, the Jerseymen being unable to get an average of one base-hit to an inning off his delivery. He was better supported by Dolan, too, than on Saturday, while Mack's in-field play and that of Smith were excellent. Eleven innings were required to settle the question of victory, and then the visitors won by a single run only. Easter bore off the palm in the field in this game, as the score shows, Poorman again pitching with telling effect, not a run being earned. On Thursday next the Worcesters play again at Jersey City, being desirous to get square for that last defeat. A residence to get square for that last defeat. A residence to get square for that last defeat. A residence

"OLD TOM"—HIS EPITAPH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOS. A. FARRELL.

Here lies "Old Tom;" we knew him well
In days gone by;
But into age's arms he fell,
To pine and die.

An angry word he never spoke
To cause a woe;
He never sought to make a joke
On friend or foe.

'Tis known he did not in his days
E'er laugh or cry;
And be it said, unto his praise,
He'd never lie.

But yet you'll wonder when I own,
In age or youth,
He never, never had been known
To tell the truth.

Here lies the dire and deadly foe
Of mouse and rat;
Here lies—where we must all soon go—
My "*Old Tom*" cat.

Macon, Ga., May 30, 1879.

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DAUGHTER:

OR,

THE BRIDE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER, BY EDWIN P. DE NYSE.

Entered in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1879.

CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED.

"What! Is it you, monsieur?" exclaimed Candeil. "I did not expect to see you again; but I am glad that my last moments are not to be passed with a stranger."

"Your hand, citizen. You are a brave man," said Boisjoly; for the visitor was indeed he, in full uniform.

Aymeric wrung the hand the old soldier offered him, and said earnestly:

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"A dozen of them and I will do them for you, if you wish."

"It is simply to convey to a lady the ring and the letter you will find on my breast after I am dead."

"How could I refuse to do that? But I am not to command the firing-party; and I am very glad of it, for ——"

"But the officer, probably your comrade, who is to command it, can be induced to do this service for me, can he not?"

"Oh, he will do it willingly, I have no doubt, for you know him better than I do. It's George Salviac."

"George—is it he?" cried the Baron, a deathly pallor overspreading his face.

"Yes, George Salviac. If I had found myself in his place, I should have had myself relieved from the duty, for it is not absolutely obligatory on an officer to serve as an executioner; but he doubtless had his reasons for serving."

"Yes, I understand," said Candeil bitterly. "Ties of consanguinity are nothing when the Republic is to be saved. He is modern, and has been quoting Roman history to him, I suppose."

"I don't know anything about that, but I do know she has sent for him to come to her in haste, and he has sent me to keep you company until he returns. He will be back in an hour."

"Very well, monsieur; I can wait patiently, for I am sure the performance cannot go on without me," said Candeil with a cold smile.

* * * * * * *

Faithful to the promises he had made Madame Llardot the day before, George Salviac had not failed to have an interview with the president of the commission early in the morning in regard to the sad arrangements to be made in order to have the terrible business all finished by evening. It had been settled that the escort and firing-party should be assembled at four o'clock. It was near the end of the month of February, and it was a half-hour's march from the Military School, where the trial was held, to the plain of Grenelle; so the execution could be over before dark. But the recklessness of the Baron on his trial, and his failure to delay the proceedings by any attempt to defend or to justify himself, had hastened the conclusion, and George began to fear when all was over that the president might change his mind, and order the execution to be carried out at once, without delaying for the evening, as at first intended.

In this event it would be almost impossible for Salviac to carry out his plans. He therefore concluded to absent himself from his post in order that there could be no change of hour. Accordingly, meeting Boisjoly, he asked him to take his place while he went out for a walk; but, to his great surprise, he was approached at this moment by a messenger, with a letter from the Duchess which he read with astonishment. It ran as follows:

"My dear child, I must speak with you at once. Our honor is concerned. I await you at the house. Leave everything and come to me. In an hour you can return to your duty."

Madame Salviac was not prodigal in the use of her words; and that she should write thus, or even take the trouble to write at all, argued that there were very important reasons urging her on.

George would have gone through fire to have served his mother, and to him the least of her wishes was a command. He looked at his watch, and saw that he had two long hours to spare. A flacre was passing. He sprang in, and promised the driver a double fare if he would put his wretched hack to the top of his speed. They started off at a gallop. Salviac knew that Boisjoly understood the case, and would faithfully do all he had directed. He started off, therefore, confident that he knew all that could possibly happen in the Military School during his absence, but very much worried about what was awaiting him at his home. True to his promise, the driver set him down at his mother's door in twenty minutes.

Madame Salviac awaited the coming of her son in the dimly-lighted parlor in which she had received Aymeric Candeil on his first and only visit to her house.

"You are not ill, I hope?" said George, embracing her fondly.

"No, my son," said the widow sadly.

"But this letter?"

"I have written it in order that you may avoid an unpleasant, a horrible duty, which sense of soldierly honor will not permit you to decline on your own responsibility, and which I do not think you have the strength to discharge."

"What is this?" stammered George, in amazement.

"It means, George, that a man who is justly condemned for treason to his country is about to die."

"Who has told you this?"

"No matter who. I know it; and I know, too, that this condemned traitor bears a name that we both have a right to curse. It is that of the hated race; and if ever punishment was merited, it is in the case of the son of the Baron Candeil, the murderer of my life's happiness. But you, George, you alone of all the soldiers of France, cannot lead him to his death."

"And have you sent for me simply to tell me that?" asked George.

"Yes, my son," replied the widow gravely. "I blush for my weakness; for I am a Republican, and this man is the most monstrous enemy of the Republic; but I am a woman, and my heart revolts at the idea that you should shed the blood that also flows in your veins."

"Mother!"

"Listen. I have struggled long and earnestly to harden my heart against this cowardly pity, and to let fate do its work. You accept fortune with the mobility of youth; you have pardoned him the wrong he did you; you have accepted without a hesitation the sad duty that military law has imposed on you. You have been stoical, and I, your mother, should have set you the example of firmness. But I feel that I have not the courage, for I think of what you must secretly suffer with such a terrible task imposed on you."

"Why, my mother, have you thought for a single moment that ——"

"I have thought that you have resigned yourself with secret horror to the most frightful of all sacrifices, and I wish to spare you this act of awful heroism."

"But you are mistaken—you do not know ——"

"I understand what you would say, but I have foreseen it all. Stern as may be your superiors in their demands for obedience to military rule, they cannot resist the prayer of a mother who would spare her son a punishment which is a hundred times more cruel than that of the condemned prisoner."

"Your prayer, mother? To my superiors? What do you mean?"

"Yes, my son. When you received my letter, the President of the Commission received another, in which I told him all the truth, and in which I implored him to relieve you from the sad duty imposed on you."

George suddenly became deathly pale, and gave a wild cry of despair.

"Ah, mother, what have you done?" said he, clasping his hands wildly on his head, as if to restrain his throbbing brain.

"What any mother would have done in my place."

"And did you suppose that I would have consented to command the soldiers who were to kill my brother, if I had not been certain I could save him?"

"Save him!" exclaimed Madame Salviac in astonishment.

"Yes, save him. All is ready. I have removed the bullets from the cartridges, the grenadiers are devoted to me, and the friends of Monsieur Candeil are informed. He will live, if I am only there to guard his life."

"George, my son, what are you thinking of? To do this is to betray the Republic—to dishonor your uniform."

"And what is that to me? I am his brother, and I do not wish him to die. There is yet time. Adieu, mother—adieu!"

And he strove to disengage himself from the embrace of his fond mother, who held him to her heart.

"But it will be you who will die, if they discover this. The military law is pitiless in its revenge for such a betrayal of trust."

"Let me go, or I will take my own life, mother! I must not fail in this," said George, roughly disengaging himself from his mother's arms.

He turned about with the intention of dashing out of the door. A man rose up before him and barred the way.

"Salviac, you shall not leave!" said he coldly.

"Legendre!" cried the young officer. "Ah! I suspected that your bloody hand was in this foul work."

It was indeed the friend and companion of Danton who had suddenly and mysteriously appeared on the scene, like some bird of ill-omen. He had been concealed in the darkest corner of the room, and so preoccupied had the young officer been on entering the room that he had not noticed his presence throughout the foregoing conversation.

"See now to what point this young man has come—this young man, who bears the name of the most ardent Republican I ever knew!" said Legendre bitterly. "It was not enough to consort with Chouans; you now wish to aid them in escaping from the just punishment of their crimes."

"Let me pass!" cried Salviac, furious with pent-up rage.

"Why? That you may add one more to the number of traitors in this unhappy land? That you make sure of the escape of a rascally aristocrat from the punishment he so richly merits? No, no! I will prevent you doing this, George Salviac! Understand me—I will prevent it!"

"Then understand me, too! I must and will leave this house," said George, clenching his fists.

"Ah! You threaten me? You appeal to force? That is the only crime left you now—to strike your father's friend. Well, try!"

George hesitated. He was mad with rage, but he dared not go so far as to lay violent hands on Legendre in the presence of his mother, who, however, vainly tried to calm him.

"You hesitate," said the terrible Dantonian in a mocking tone. "Well, you are right; for, though you might kill me to clear your path, you could not return in time to save your infamous Royalist. I, too, have written to the President of the Commission—I, a member of the Council of the Five Hundred—and have requested him to hasten the execution."

"Out of my way! Aside! aside!" cried George, furiously rushing upon him.

But Legendre had the strength and agility of a tiger. Before the captain could seize him by the throat as he had intended, he had bounded out of the door and locked it on the outside. Salviac, with a howl of rage, ran to the window. It was the only way he could have to save his brother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CLIPPER SONGS:

"OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE."

"I Jes Keep Sawing Wood."

BY ONEY PARLE.

I used to run on de ribber
In de year of seventy-three,
And saw wood—yes, I did, indeed—
Of de steamer Robert Lee.
Some nigs war tapping whiskey
On de quiet what I saw,
And when I told de cook remarked:
"Jest you keep a-sawing wood."

Chorus.—Oh, ba'ltern sound,
It's a motto, you'll find,
'Twill sarve you a deal of good;
For when you can man
Spill anoder man's can,
"Jest you keep a-sawing wood."

Well, gemmen, dat's de wisest t'ing
Dat ebber was said to me,
For I was soon promoted by
De cap'n of de Robert Lee.
De roustabouts got to like me,
And helped me when they could;
For, no matter what dem niggers did,
"I jest kept a-sawing wood."

Oh, tattling is an awful thing,
And scandal's heap nigh worse;
Jest see how folks get all broke up
By its biting, venomous curse;
When I hear dis sound coming round
To scandal and intrude,
I jest clap both hands to my ears,
And go on a-sawing wood.

St. Louis, Mo.

My Latest Mash.

BY GIBSON AND BINNEY, PEDESTAL CLOG-DANCERS.

One Sunday, while leisurely walking
In a city far out in the West,
By flirting I made the acquaintance
Of a lady of elegant dress;
While conversing she asked me my business—
With a thought I very promptly replied
Was a "traveling agent from Boston;"
But, to tell you the truth, "I lied."

She said that her folks were all "actors,"
Had made two millions or more,
And lived in an "elegant mansion,"
And kept a large "furniture store."
Her mother and father were gymnasts—
Most everyone said they were smart—
Her brother was a "song-and-dance" artist,
And she sat in the "first-part."

Their "time" was all filled for next season,
But at present had nothing to do,
As some of her "dates" had been canceled,
Which at times made her feel rather blue;
For she said she was good in her "business;"
To excuse her, if I thought it "conceit,"
But could show me some of the "notices"
For looking so nice in her "seat."

Her last speech made me laugh rather hearty,
And finally I bade her adieu,
And promised to meet her next evening,
Which I had no intention to do.
Good times you can have when you're traveling—
"Hawks" I have many times seen;
But this one, I think, is the "darling,"
The "actress" whose "prop" is a "chair."

When the Flowers Wake at Morn.

A companion to his own song, "When the Flowers Fall Asleep."

BY T. W. HANSHEW.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MAY E. W—— OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

When the silver darts of morning
Chase away the shadows gray,
And the brilliance of the dawning,
Laughing, glows to risen day;
Then the dew-drops bright and sparkling glist'ning,
Sparkle o'er the meadow lawn,
And, aroused by song-birds' whistling,
Then the flowers wake at morn.

Chorus.—Forget-me-nots—love's blossoms ever—
Pansies, roses, pinks, hawthorn,
Water-lilies by the river,
Wake in laughter at the dawn:
So may man from life's great midnight
In the angels' arms be borne
Into everlasting daylight,
And, like flowers, wake at morn!

Love is like the rosebud sleeping,
With its leaves closed one to one;
Thus its perfume secret keeping
Till the rising of the sun,
Then the signal daylight giveth,
And its odor rare is born,
Then we *know* that sweetness liveth,
Like the rose blooms with the morn.

But there is one strange, wild flower,
Of a warm and sunny clime,
Sleepeth through the daylight hour
And awaketh at night-time.
Does it doubt the day's existence,
That in darkness it is born?
Oh, forego thy strange resistance,
And with others wake at morn.

Ev'ry one is like some flower—
Some, like crocus, come through snow;
Some, like Cereus, at night's hour
Only will their perfume show;
Others, like the sweet violet,
Violets, nettles, nightshades, thorn!
But for all, the rare, the tawdry,
There is hope of coming dawn.

Let us, then, like *flowers*, have *patience*,
And the birch-tree's *meekness* show;
Scorn the apple's base *temptations*,
"Scatter roses where you go!"
And the *happiness* of tansy,
Twined with laurels, may be worn;
Then, if *pure* you be, like pansy,
Wake as flowers in the morn.

THE HAUNTED EQUESTRIENNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

All London was wild with excitement over the extraordinary performances at Astley's of Mademoiselle Cybele. Her opening had been unheralded. She had furnished no bombastic bills or posters, nor had "the gentlemen of the press" been accorded their customary privilege of a private rehearsal. She was merely billed for "A Daring Bareback Act" and for "A Classic Protean Act." The great radical fact that Mlle. Cybele was eminently beautiful was overwhelming. And yet the "sole proprietors and managers" of the famous amphitheatre had never been renowned for modesty or unostentation, under such or any other circumstances. Her initial appearance in the ring upon her black steed was a surprise to the average audience then assembled, inasmuch as she wore no ribbons nor gauzy, cloud-like skirts. She bore more resemblance in her attire to male equestrians than to those of her own sex. It had been decreed by her by a great artist, and it served the effect of revealing rather than concealing the lithe, strong, perfect form. A single glance convinced everybody that the candidate for popular favor was young and charming. The more exacting ordeal of the lorgnette resulted in the verdict that Mademoiselle Cybele possessed one of the most lovely faces and complexions ever bestowed upon mortal woman.

"By Jove!" said a Fellow of All Souls, Oxon., "she deserves the name of Cybele. She is a goddess—a queen of the lower world. But where is her mural crown to indicate her all-subduing power?"

Her bareback-act galvanized the audience into a silence as deep as that before the wind-gods were born. Without apparent urging Ge flew madly but stealthily around the ring, and then proceeded to lash herself to the afflatus of an equestrian delirium. Nothing more irresistible, more enchanting, more thrilling, more full of wild bizarre, daring grace could be imagined. It was a mythologic poem on the horseback worthy of Homer's muse. It was a combination of the Centaur with a Bayadere and Venus. She performed as if her whole life was pressed into one intoxicating ten minutes. All the mirth, mischief and ambition of her soul seemed to find their utterance in the amazing movements of those shapely limbs—in those gleaming blue eyes—in those perfect feet that scarcely seemed to touch the shining back of the flying steed; and when they touched, seemed to alight like a bird, only to leap away with a contact always with swifter bound, with ceaseless, airy flight. When she ceased, the applause burst out like a thunderclap overhead, and roared itself hoarse. The "sole proprietors and managers" listened thereto with ravished ears.

"By Ravens! we have them! We have them this time, sure!" cried Manager George to his brother John.

When Mademoiselle Cybele at last was permitted to leave the arena, the managerial countenances shone upon her like a pair of midsummer suns in exaltation. The way that the complimented her, and committed assault and battery on the harmless aspirate, was something extraordinary in the history of Astley's.

Mademoiselle Cybele's protean act was received, if possible, with louder and more persistent demonstrations of applause. As the Oxonian remarked, "It was statuary on horseback." First of all, she bestrode six horses, the ringmaster announcing the act to represent "Phæton driving the celestial coursers." The other acts—"Ajax defying the lightning," "Mercury, the messenger of the gods," "Ganymede, 'the handsomest of mortal men,' borne to Olympus," "Perseus with the head of Medusa," and "Bellerophon vanquishing the Chimera"—were performed on a perfectly white steed. She was costumed according to the antique models, and the sorcery of her form and matchless poses held all observers in startled, flushed silence until it was over, when they opened their throats and roared, and raised their heels and hammered.

Some of the ladies objected to the classic illustrations. They intimated that it was an outrage for a woman to reveal so much of her form, even if she did chalk her face to look like marble. One henpecked husband wrote a letter to the Lord-chamberlain, invoking him to "stop the indecent performance." His Right Honorable Lordship came next night and witnessed Mlle. Cybele's performance. While she was in the protean-statuary business he watched her closely through a lorgnette big enough to have been a field-glass. After the performance he made no remark. He was probably unable to make up his mind what he ought to do under the circumstances, for he was present the next evening in company with the Prince of Wales. The mature judgment of his Royal Highness settled it. Mademoiselle Cybele was never interfered with by the minions of the Most High and Mighty Proprieties.

Everybody made haste to express their entire approval and admiration of the Cybelean performance, so far as the masculine gender was concerned, with the contemptible exception we have noticed, and one other, now to be noticed. Every time the unique equestrienne left the amphitheatre she was accompanied to her residence by a young man of about her own age, or a year or two her elder, who overwhelmed her with reproaches. He was a tall, fair-haired young man, with an aquiline nose and effeminate manners. His eyes were large and gray, his chin was weak and sensitive, and he parted his hair in the middle. His hands and feet were small and slender, and he dressed like a man to whom dress is the chief end of life.

Ernest Vaughan had known the equestrienne from childhood, and in the sallow days, when the pair made mud-pies and other primitive confections, called her his "little wife," "little sweetheart," and so on, after the manner of precocious boys predestined to be noodles after adolescence. Consequently "common fame" linked their names together, and their parents listed thereto, observed the soft ways of the pair, and said "It is well!"

Both were born to comparative affluence; and neither had dreamed of questioning manifest destiny, till the young man returned, undistinguished, from college, and the demoiselle returned, with a pronounced reputation for deviltry and romping, from boarding-school.

"Why, what a pale, languid skeleton you have grown, Ernest!" had been the young lady's salutation at this interesting period. "Why don't you swing dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and practice on the trapeze like—like—well, as I do?"

"Who knows but I may study it quite too awfully hard work; it makes one perspire, and perspiration's an awful bore." Thus the languid swell.

Her eyes were hereof orth opened, and could never more be closed. She perceived that there was a bottomless chasm of incompatibility between Ernest and herself, which could never be bridged over. Up to that moment affection and daily intercourse had thrown a rope-chain of habit across it. They had been separated for a couple of years; the chain had parted.

It was in vain that Ernest languidly urged his suit—vain that her parents and his parents lifted up their voices in the same chorus—vain that they made life a burden to her. She simply said:

"I like Ernest, very much; but I cannot marry him."

These were the days of parental authority. The Honorable Henry Somerville vowed unto his wife a vow, and said:

"Julia shall marry Mr. Ernest Vaughan at Christmas, or I'll know the reason why."

A month before Advent, Julia was missing from her father's home in Belgravia. A coachman, with whom she had been known to "put on the gloves" in the harness-room, was suspected; but as he turned up, all tears and lamentations, "an elopement" did not meet the case. The Honorable Henry Somerville not only advertised for his daughter in *The Times*, but he put the Bow-street detectives on her track. When Christmas day came they had been engaged eight weeks on the case, and had only made one discovery: A bundle of clothes, which were identified as belonging to Miss Somerville, and marked J. S. beneath the Seven Sisters' cress, had been picked out of the Thames below Gravesend. So that on Christmas-day the Hon. Henry Somerville and family, as well as the Vaughan family, attended divine service in deep mourning, and prayed that "the body of the beloved and lost" might be recovered and laid to repose in the family mausoleum. In point of fact, Miss Somerville had walked leisurely through London, and taken the train to Dover, in a suit of plain clothes belonging to the coachman, who had been deputed to drop her into the Channel at the same time in the Thames and "keep his mouth shut." The man, who was a trained athlete as well as an old circus-hand, had implicitly obeyed both injunctions. He was as close as a clam; but he frequently said to himself:

"I shall be hanged if Miss Julia again—I know I shall; she's bound to make a noise in the world—I know she is."

In Paris the young lady was trained in "the arts and sciences of the equestrian or circus profession," and we have already hinted at the rapidity with which she was pronounced the boldest, most graceful and sure-footed bareback performer of the age. She refused all inducements to appear in Paris, resolving that, if practicable, she would make her début at Astley's after she had attained her majority—when she would be independent of parental control or interference.

It was a singular circumstance that among those who didn't believe that Julia Somerville would drown herself—and there were a few firm of this conviction—was Edward Vaughan. This young man was what, in vulgar parlance, is termed a "medium." He dreamt strange dreams; he saw strange visions; he heard voices in the air, Julia Somerville had despised him for these unmanly, sentimental, superstitious weaknesses. Now that she had run away, as he believed, his imagination was kept overstrained, and his waking and sleeping hours were alike troubled by phantoms—"by hydras and gorgons, by chimeras dire." He therefore declared that unless he emancipated himself from these harpies of a diseased mind he would land first in an asylum and soon after in the grave. In short, this wise physician prescribed Paris.

One brilliant moonlit night he met Julia on a bridge across the Seine. She advanced to him smiling bathed, as it were, in moonbeams. He knelt before her and gazed up at the face of the lovely and terrible thing. Touching her garments, he said:

"You are my Julia—my lost Julia; but you are not my living Julia—*you are too beautiful!*"

"Poor fellow!" she said, smoothing his cheeks with her soft, cool hands.

He sprang to his feet with a cry of exclamation and kissed her; and he twined himself around her and gazed at her, and patted her fondly, just as a faithful dog does when he discovers his long-lost master.

"I will never leave your side again," he said, when she uttered not her hand.

"That is sheer nonsense!" she replied with a shade of tartness. "Our ways lie far apart in the world. I am glad to have met you, because you will tell my parents that I am not dead—at least, so far as life is concerned; but dead to them—and to you!"

"Dead to them and to me, Julia? Why, you are mad—what do you mean?"

"I mean that during those three years I have become a horse-performer. Won't you come and see me ride when I visit England?"

"A circus-performer! Good God! It is impossible—you are cruelly joking!"

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Ever since that memorable evening Ernest had haunted Julia like her shadow. He was like a faithful spaniel—the more she lashed him with vexation the more docile he was—the closer he clung to her. When she said that she would go tenting through England, and perhaps America, he had replied:

"All right, Julia; I'll go tenting too. I shall cost you nothing, and I shall see that no harm happens to you."

When it was arranged that she should appear at Astley's, it was necessary to assume a professional name.

"What shall my name be?" she asked Ernest. He at once answered:

"Cybele—the highest goddess of the heavens, as well as the queen of the lower world."

But when Ernest saw her debut at the London Amphitheatre—when the darkness was confounded, and was no admirer of the nude marble, much less of the imitation marble of flesh and blood.

"Your beauty is as bare to all the world as that picture of Gerome's I saw in Paris!" he said to her reproachfully, after the initial triumph.

"You are hard to please, Phryne,'" she said, laughing. "Oh, no; not quite so bad as that. However, the artist who designed the costumes evidently understood the public taste. All that *are* professional people have to do is to be clothed, and the public. If you don't like to see me, why don't you go home to your mother?—I am sure I would much rather."

His parents exhorted him to leave "the shameless woman," the "disgrace to her name and sex," and so on. But even when his father threatened to withhold his "allowance," and to "cut him off with a shilling," he was firmly, irrevocably knit to his idol. He couldn't leave her. To broke his heart to see young Vaughan—the dazzling delight of fashion, it pierced him to the soul to see her in her equestrienne acts; but he could no more leave her than the sunflower can turn away the big, brown star, which is its eye, from the god of day—than the magnetic needle can divorce itself from its glad homage to the pole. He would drop on his knees and worship her and weep over her. He would pour out the tale of his love. He would implore her to have pity on him—to marry him. He might as well have protested with the waves, lashed to a storm—as well have tried to persuade the plant that a calcium light was the sun.

"You are to me as a brother," she said. "You can never be anything more."

"Then you will never marry, Julia—never marry anyone?"

"That is more than I can tell—more than I care or *dare* to promise. Why don't you leave me? I am sick and wearied of these foolish importunities. Why don't you marry some affectionate girl? My profession is my only wedded lord—therefore let this foolishness end."

On Derby-day she rode to Epsom Downs in the drag of the Marquis of Dublinderry. Ernest watched her depart—watched her on the course—saw nothing of the races; saw Cybele only, drinking champagne, eating lobster salad, and enjoying herself like a Bacchanal. The sight drove him to desperation. That night he followed the Marquis to his club in Pall Mall, and fired three pistol-shots at his rival. One bullet took effect in the shoulder, another in the chin, the third grazed his ear. The madman was overpowered and disarmed before further mischief could be done. He spent the night in prison. When he was brought before the Bow-street magistrate it was painfully evident that he was temporarily insane. His father and the authorities deemed it best to commit him for safe keeping to an asylum. There he remained for a twelve-month, when he was dismissed as cured. Mademoiselle Cybele was performing in Vienna at the time. Within a week he was in the Austrian capital. It was at a matinee that he first took a front seat in the cirque, a huge bouquet in his hand. During the first part of her bareback act, he stood up and gesticulated. When Ge was walked slowly round, preparatory to "the flying-steed" scene, Ernest threw his bouquet into the arena. The horse started, and Cybele slipped and fell. Somebody cried:

"Put the lunatic out!"

She gazed in the direction of the voice; then at her imprudent admirer. She beheld Ernest Vaughan, her former maniac-persecutor, and nearly fainted. She was under an engagement to marry a gentleman in the audience. The wedding would take place in three days! Here was her mad lover haunting her as heretofore! What, under the circumstances, ought she to do?

She was so much troubled, perplexed and intimidated, that she performed worse than she had ever done in her life. Three times she came to the ground with violence, and without her customary presence of mind. At the third mishap it was evident that she had hurt herself. Blood was visible on her lips and nostrils. The ringmaster announced that Mlle. Cybele was indisposed—that, in fact, she had been indisposed before the performance commenced. Crowds left the cirque disappointed. In Vienna, as elsewhere, her unique acts had proved the talisman that drew rich harvests into the treasury.

The equestrienne's betrothed husband accompanied her home. Ten minutes afterwards Vaughan rang the bell violently and demanded admittance. At first the lady refused to see him, but ultimately consented to speak with him in the presence of her lover. The poor wretch seemed to instinctively understand the condition of affairs, and began to rave and threaten the direst kind of vengeance.

"My blood be on your head, Julia!" he cried at last, rushing from the apartment. "You shall never know what peace is again!"

The robust young lover looked at his affianced and laughed.

"The poor fellow is raving mad," he said.

She was very serious and thoughtful.

"I am afraid he means to commit suicide," she remarked at length.

"What, then?" asked her lover. "You surely don't believe in ghosts?"

"I am afraid I do," she sadly responded.

At that instant a piercing shriek rent the air. They both started to their feet. There was an instant commotion among the domestics. The mystery was soon explained. With blanched lips Cybele heard that Ernest Vaughan had cut his throat from ear to ear, and lay dead in his garden on the door-step.

After the dreadful tragedy life became a burden to the equestrienne. Wherever she sojourned, the house was visited by ghostly shapes and by unearthly sounds. She abandoned her profession and she broke off her marriage. She visited London and Paris, but found no immunity from her ghostly tormentors. She called in physicians and scientists. They saw and heard the mysterious sights and doleful noises as she did, but they could offer no explanation of the cause or suggest a means of prevention. From a report presented to the Academie des Sciences the following extract is submitted as describing the spectral appearances in the case:

After minutely inspecting every part of the house, provided with lights in addition to the gas, Dr. Vogt and I sat down on the third-story landing, fully expecting to account for any noises we might hear in a philosophical manner. This was about eleven o'clock P. M. About ten minutes to twelve we heard a sound as of a muffled shriek beneath our feet. Then followed the sound of quick, nervous footsteps, as of one coming upstairs. Gazing fixedly in the direction of the sound, we both distinctly saw the figure of a man, attired in grayish garments, with the head inclining downwards, and one hand pressed upon his neck, as if in pain, and the other—namely, the right hand—grasping a knife, pointing downward. It advanced with the same step until it stood within arm's-length of us. I then rushed at it with a savage yell. I touched nothing—I have not been able to hear anything with the right ear since.

As for her experience in London, the following extract from the report of one of the most advanced Darwinians of the age may be cited:

I had heard of Mlle. Cybele's extraordinary experiences with unusual incredulity. Obtaining an introduction, I expressed an ardent wish to hear the voice of her ghostly persecutor, jokingly intimating that I would be likely to doubt the invisible companion. She readily consented to my remaining in her house in St. John's Wood. I sat on the stairs and had all the lights extinguished. I had a cordon of police surrounding the house. I placed four Bow-street detectives, armed with revolvers, within. I had made up my mind that *we would show up a sorry-looking ghost in the morning.* At midnight I heard an appalling sound. It was repeated three times in rapid succession, and died away in a hollow moan. The eerie sounds were succeeded by three pistol-shots, at intervals of a minute. I sat still, awaiting developments. I heard quick, firm footsteps. I saw a bluish-gray man ascending. I cocked my pistol. The left hand of the spectre appeared to grasp the knife, the point of which lowered. The right hand pointing downward. When apparently within thirty inches of me I pointed the pistol and fired. *I saw the bullet* shot through the vapory breast. The figure passed me as a cloud or a body of smoke would pass me. I must have swooned away.

Mademoiselle Cybele ultimately entered a nunnery and died in the odor of sanctity. It has never been definitely ascertained whether these spectral visitations were continued in her religious seclusions. The Sisterhood steadily refused to be interviewed concerning their penitent companion; but from the fact that the old gardener was discovered in a fit (from which he never recovered) one midnight, when he had been protecting the young plants in the frames from a sudden frost, it was argued that he had seen the spectral lover, and that the misty-looking ghost used to frequent the outside of the building. Be this as it may, both spiritualists and skeptical materialists beheld the spectre and heard its moanings, and one learned pundit wrote a book entitled "The Philosophy of Mysterious Agents, Human and Mundane, for the Ennoblement of Man," embracing the Natural Explanation of Spectral Phenomena and Spiritual Manifestations," in which he wrestled with Mlle. Cybele's remarkable case. It afterwards appeared that the author wrote his book in the same asylum, in the same apartment, where Ernest Vaughan had sojourned after the attempted assassination in Pall Mall on Derby-night.

CHANSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Eyes can speak when lips are silent—
Have a language easy known—
Can declare in lustrous glances
What the lips ought first to own.

Eyes can speak the truer language—
Flattering lips might play a part—
But beneath the fringing eyelids
Comes the language of the heart.

Eyes can speak when lips are silent—
I have read a truth in thine;
Hast thou not discerned the answer?
It was told to thee in mine.

FRANCIS FALCONER.

NINON'S LOVE:

A STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALLY WEST.

CHAPTER I.

A beautiful, balmy Spring morning in the month of December, when the delicate little cow-slips blossom, plant and all, down her throat when the turkey and pig warble their soul-inspiring notes from morn till dewy eve, the radiant sunlight bathing all the beauteous landscape in its glory, while the fair, incandescent moon, just rising above the southern horizon, lends a strange, pure beauty to the scene.

Beside a rippling brooklet flowing placidly up the mountain-side, caused by freshets in the lovely vale at its feet, upon a mossy, violet-covered bank of sweet forget-me-nots, sat Ninon Devere, the beauty of the Skilmmacin Valley. Her head reposed in her arms, reveling the sunlight itself in their golden profusion, hung, like those of Aphrodite, in glistening waves over her marble shoulders. Her eyes, the "sloe-black eyes" of the poet, put to shame the dancing waters and the ceaseless ripples in their deep, ever-changing violet tints. Her form seemed modeled for a Venus; her face of that rare, sweet, royal beauty, which, once seen, can never be forgotten, and is never seen again.

She shades her beauteous eyes with a band of snowy whiteness, and listens. Hark! "Across the plain and far away" is seen approaching the figure of a man, or rather an Apollo, for he is a most magnificent specimen of the *genus homo*. She climbs the valley, and, reclining by her side upon the brook, he murmurs:

"At last, my own, have I found thee; and is thy heart, too, o'erflowing with joy and rapture in the presence of thy Antonio?"

She murmured simply: "Eh, he!" and the syllables sounded like the sweet, metallic ring of drops of molten gold falling in a glass of rarest nectar.

Starting up, he pressed her wildly to his breast, planted a kiss upon her alabaster brow, and his foot in the mud, crying ecstatically:

"My own, my Ninon, my darling!" When—alas! that it should be ——

CHAPTER II.

Through a beauteous vale in the south of Kamschatka, gleaming always with brightest of rare tropical flowers, and made musical by the songs of millions of jack-snipe, prairie-hen, and other feathered songsters—where the darkness is unknown, except for ten months of the year; where glorious Old Sol and the Aurora Bungalow vie with each other in their pristine beauty and loveliness; where all is bright and fair; where every day is as bright as day, and darkness never comes till night—there comes up a stream of wondrous beauty. Its clear, pellucid, limpid, cool, refreshing waters, formed as they are by the melting of the Summer snows far to the south, under the Equator, flow northward, still as pure and delicious as the driven snow itself, for except for ten months of the year: where glorious Old Sol and the Aurora Bungalow vie with each other in their pristine beauty and loveliness; where all is bright and fair; where every day is as bright as day, and darkness never comes till night—there comes up a stream of wondrous beauty. Its clear, pellucid, limpid, cool, refreshing waters, formed as they are by the melting of the Summer snows far to the south, under the Equator, flow northward, still as pure and delicious as the driven snow itself, for except dashes into a crevice of the rock, worn by itself during the countless ages it has flowed on through the valley (ever since the Spring freshet), and, eddying in and out in all the brilliant, radiant colors of the rainbow, forms in miniature a maelstrom, though, like its counterpart on the Norwegian coast, but more like those so dear to childhood's memories, which we formed by swirling round and round the contents of a dismantled washing-tub.

Deep down in its clear, dazzling depths can be seen myriads of pretty little plesiosauruses, alligators, pollywogs, hyacinths, spangled tights, and song-and-dance men disporting themselves after their own finny fashion, darting in and out, dancing through the sunlit waves, until the river seemed one mass of molten silver, dotted here and there with brilliant gems of the first water—they could get hold of.

For miles and miles on either side stretched away and beyond the plain, and the dancing streamlet, lit up by the last fading rays of the sun!—a picture to gladden the eyes, and to drive into ecstacies a Rubens, a Van Dyke, or a circus bill-poster.

Over her in the southward, almost as far as the eye can reach—unless you tied it to a string—the river makes a sudden detour to the east, around a range of snow-capped, evergreen mountains, which guard the western entrance to the valley, and which is never used except in case of fire. Around the bend of the river is seen to disclose itself a shadowy something, which, as it approaches nearer and nearer in the pale, dim moonlight, resolves itself into a gigantic swan, and, standing on one foot upon its back, after the style of Frank Melville, is seen—yes, surely it is he, none other could possess that grace, that perfection of form, that beauty of face—it is, it is ——

CHAPTER III.

Feeling his foothold upon the treacherous brooklet's briny brink slipping, Antonio, releasing his hold upon the fair Ninon, threw a flipflap across the stream and landed up to his shoulders in mud; but, alas! he was not in head first. By the time he had extricated himself from his uncomfortable and dangerous position, his beloved and loving Ninon had disappeared, leaving no trace of her whereabouts except a ribbon, which Antonio well knew, having gone without chewing-tobacco for a week to purchase it, and which was now dancing up and down upon the amber-tinted waves and fast disappearing from sight as the cruel waters bore it away. He stared after it like one in a trance for three hours; then, suddenly shelling on the very spot where he had last seen his darling Ninon, he poured forth all his sole.

"Hear me, ye gods!" he cried wildly. "Hear me! Now, and thus as I swear, by the four-legged girl with the London Circus, by the prices of admission to the opera, by a lawyer's fees in a will-case, by everything men hold most dear, I swear that never will I rest, eat, or sleep, until I have found and punished him, my rival, who has dared to steal from me my love. But I shall find her, and then, ha-ha-a-a! Bewar-r-r-r-e! I will be revenged!"

Then, unmooring from its moorings his little skiff, which lightly rode the crested wavelets in joyous pride and beauty, he stepped therein, and, following the streamlet, disappeared over the horizon.

Almost immediately, stepping from behind a dandelion-tree where he had been concealed, an interested and unseen spectator of the scene just described, appeared a man—no, a thing, with the head and face of a man, but with a body so distorted and deformed as to be entirely indescribable. Dressed, as he was, in the richest of viands, with a diamond necklace around each toe, and a broad two-edged sword held in his gigantic mouth, he appeared what he really was, the cruel Baron le Lushe, the lord or all the vast domains around about, the last surviving and degenerate scion of a once noble family.

As the last trace of Antonio's disappearance disappeared, he hissed between his clenched teeth:

"Ha, ha, proud slave! thy search for thy love and vengeance is fruitless. Thou knowest not that my trusty henchmen have borne her to my Chateau de Espagne in Kamschatka, and that thou shalt never see her more! She is lost to thee forevermore. She is mine, mine, and she will soon be ——"

CHAPTER IV.

The brave and dauntless Antonio, of whom we have spoken in a previous chapter as sailing away in search of Ninon and vengeance, swiftly sails his beautiful vessel up the rippling tide until it reaches a flight of marble steps leading up from the river to a gray, moss-covered castle near by. Here he alights, and, wending his way up the noble staircase, he rescued the portals, when, lo! before his astonished gaze appears ——

CHAPTER V.

"Mine!"

Then, summoning to his side a troop of horsemen and a train of cars which had hitherto remained concealed in a

HANLAN AT HOME.

On Monday, July 14, the champion sculler and party visited Blackwell's and Ward's Island, under the pilotage of Commissioners Brennan and Bliss, taking dinner at the workhouse, and leaving by the Erie Railway for Niagara Falls at 4.45 P. M. After a short stay at Niagara, where Hanlan was the object of another flattering demonstration, he, with Ward and Heasley, embarked on board the steamer Chicora for Toronto, where they arrived at six in the evening of the 15th. The Chicora was met out in the lake by a fleet of steamers, and hundreds of small craft welcomed her on entering the harbor. Flags were flying on the public buildings, and the wharves were black with people. On entering the harbor the Chicora was saluted by the battery at the fort, and the yachts and shipping ran up flags. Hanlan stood on a paddle-box, and was greeted with tremendous cheering. Before reaching the dock the Chicora stopped and a tug came alongside, into which Hanlan quietly stepped and was carried up to the northern wharf, where he took a cab for his home, thus escaping the crowds. In the evening a grand reception was given him in the Horticultural Gardens. Six thousand people were present. Mayor Beatty presided and read an address of welcome, to which Hanlan replied briefly. During the performance of "Pinafore" Hanlan appeared in his racing costume in his shell, with *The Sportsman* challenge cup, and received a great ovation. The streets leading to the Gardens were blocked with people, who cheered him on his way up and down. He was presented with many bouquets. Hanlan referred to his warm reception in New York, and thanked the American people for their generosity. He said his next match, whoever might be his opponent, would be rowed in Toronto Bay, unless he had to go to England to defend the challenge cup.

SMITH, MORRIS AND ROSS.—A meeting of the Halifax (N. S.) Rowing Association was held on the evening of July 15, at which was read a letter from Evan Morris, challenging Warren Smith to row him a five-mile race on the course at Hulton, Pa., for $500 a side, the Haligonian to receive $200 for expenses. The challenge was declined; but it was decided to inform Morris that if he desired a race similar to that rowed at Silver Lake, and is willing to have it take place at Halifax, he will be accommodated, and allowed the same sum for expenses that he offers Smith. It is not probable that Morris will do this. It being intimated that Wallace Ross was ready to give Smith another race, it was agreed to issue a challenge on behalf of Warren to the St. Johner. If these men row again, the race will probably be a more interesting one than their last meeting, for there seems to be no question that the Bluenose sculler has considerably improved since that time.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL REGATTA of the Augusta (Ga.) Boat Club will be held on July 23, on Lake Olmstead. Three races will take place, the first being an interstate race for four-oared shells, one mile, for which the Electrics of Charleston, Lady Warrens of Augusta and Palmettos of Charleston have entered; the second race is also between four-oared boats, one mile, the contestants being two crews belonging to the Augusta Club; and the third event will be for single sculls, open to all, same course.

ELLIOTT AND BOYD.—A cablegram says that the match between William Elliott and R. W. Boyd has fallen through, owing to the former not having staked his money at the time called for in the agreement. It also says, on the authority of *The Sportsman*, that Elliott has made up his mind not to row any more races in England until he has paid a visit to America. This would seem to point to a meeting between him and Courtney in the near future, at Saratoga.

NARRAGANSETT BOAT CLUB.—The championship single-scull race for the premiership of the Narragansett Club of Providence, R. I., was contested on the Seekonk River June 15. The distance was two miles with a turn, and the competitors were James B. Aborn, E. H. Tingley, Edgar Ballou, and Isaac Kirby Jr. Kirby got the best of the signal, and was never headed throughout the race, which was rowed in 15min. 8sec.; Ballou second, 15min. 27sec.; Tingley third, 15min. 36sec. The cup must be won three times before becoming personal property.

THE FAST-SAILING fifteen-foot yacht Alexander S. Crawford of Philadelphia has won four races so far this season. Her first conquest was a sweepstakes race on May 30, when she won $27.50; second, sweepstakes, June 4, winning $50; third, Philadelphia regatta, June 10, when she took first prize; fourth, match-race with the David H. Schuyler, $200, July 10.

THE NEWPORT (R. I.) YACHT CLUB held their annual election on July 16, with this result: Commodore, H. A. Mott, New York; vice-commodore, S. C. Powell, New Haven; treasurer, C. F. Pratt, Boston; secretary, W. V. Olyphant, Brooklyn; measurer, Richard Youmans, Newport.

GEORGE WEISGERBER of the Brown Club and Louis Felsing of the Nail City Club were on July 15 matched at Wheeling, West Va., to row three miles, in shells, for $500 a side, at that place, Aug. 9, or Sept. 27, as may hereafter be decided upon.

FRED TAYLOR defeated Andrew Reickey in a three-mile scullers' race from Breakwater to Hunt's Dock, N. Y. Bay, on Sunday, July 13, for ten dollars a side. Time, 26min.

THE TURF.

CONEY ISLAND RACES.

Four races took place on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds, Coney Island, on Monday afternoon, July 14, when there was a satisfactory attendance. The weather was warm and the track better than it had been upon any of the previous days of the inaugural meeting. The first event was a three-quarters of a mile heat race, for $400, with weight allowances, and five started. The first heat was taken by Cedric in 1:19¼, and the two following by W. I. Higgins in 1:21, 1:23¼. A handicap sweepstakes, $15 each, a mile and a half, followed, and was won by Hagaman's Ike Bonham second, Shylock third, and Ben Mace last. Time, 2:24½. The third race was a dash of a mile and an eighth for $300, selling allowances, and proved a very easy thing for Shylock, who sold low in the pools. Allowed was second, Lotterer third, and Guy fourth. Time, 2:01¾. A handicap steeplechase, $500, over the regular course, closed the racing for the day. It was contended for by four horses, of whom Derby was a prime favorite against the field, but he was beaten by Lizzie D. by eight lengths in 4:20; Derby was second, Ventilator third, and Bay Rum fourth.....The second meeting commenced on the following day, when the intense heat in the cities drove thousands to the seashore, and enough of the summer visited the course to make the grand-stand and occupy all the standing places within the inclosure. The sport began with a mile-and-a-quarter dash, for $350, for which four ran, the winner turning up in Baton Rouge, who had not been seen in the paddock like him in the pools, the favorite coming in second by three lengths, a head before Guy, Albert away behind. Time, 2:18¼. The Hotel Brighton Purse, $500, mile heats, was the second race on the list, and it had four starters, Dalgasian winning the first heat by three lengths and the second by twice that distance; W. I. Higgins was second, Hattie F. third and Lotterer last. Time, 1:49, 1:48. The day's fun was brought to an end by a contest for the Manhattan Beach Handicap Steeplechase, $500, about two miles and a half. Three started, and the winner, Lizzie D., won easily; Dandy second and Carver third. Time, 4:42½.....There were cooler weather and an increased attendance on the second day of the second meeting, Thursday, July 17, when three races were on the programme. The first was for a purse of $300, all ages, three-quarters of a mile, and for a half-dozen starters. It was won by a clean outsider, Mosquito (65lb), who led the favorite, Janet Murray (98), across the score by a length, Kingston (97) being two lengths behind the latter, with Idler, Baton Rouge and Surprise following. Time, 1:20¾. W. H. Sullwold's pool, handicap, for all ages, one mile and a half, also had six runners, and this time the betting fraternity had it right, as the favorite, Virginian, who was favorably weighted at 95lb, won by a scant length; Ike Bonham (112) second, two lengths before W. Higgins, Hattie F., Ventilator and Kingston passing in this order. Time, 2:47¾. The last race of the day was the Long Island Railroad purse, $500, handicap hurdle race, all ages, mile heats. For this six started, of whom three were distanced in the first heat, leaving Shylock, Bay Rum and Carver as the contestants, the former being a big favorite. The result proved that Shylock, with 135lb on his back, was too heavily weighted to have a chance against so good a horse as Bay Rum, carrying only 120lb, the latter winning the first heat by a length and the second by a head; Carver Jr. third in each. Time, 1:52¾, 1:54.

TROTTING AT COLUMBUS, O.

A trotting meeting began at this place July 15 with a race for 2:30 horses, which was won by Hambletonian, in 2:26; 2:28, 2:28¼, 2:28¼, 2:28¼, 2:28¼. This was followed by a contest between horses of the 2:21 class, Powers winning the first and fourth heats, Belle Brassfield the second and sixth, and Elsie Good the third and Lucille the fifth. Time, 2:23, 2:22, 2:22¾, 2:24¾, 2:26, 2:22. Darkness then caused the race to go over till the next day, when Belle Brassfield took the seventh heat and the first money in 2:28¾. The regular programme for the day commenced with a trot for 2:30 horses, eleven starting, and the first money being taken by Katie Middleton, while Big Soap won second money, Charley Ford third, and D. Monroe fourth. Time, 2:24¾, 2:24, 2:26¼. This was followed by a pacing race, for which four started, Sleepy Tom, a blind horse, winning the first, second and fifth heats, and Mattie Hunter the other two, Rowdy Boy securing third money. Time, 2:14¾, 2:19¾, 2:17¾, 2:16¾, 2:17. The first heat was paced in the best time on record, in harness, the best previously having been Sleepy George's 2:15, accomplished at Rochester, N. Y., last year. On the third day, July 17, the sport began with a race for horses of the 2:24 class, four starting, and the winner turning up in Lewinski, who took the second, third and fourth heats, the first going to Alley, while Dictator was third and Dick Wright fourth. Time, 2:26¼, 2:26¾, 2:26¼, 2:29. Horses of the 2:40 class then contended for honors, Castleton winning in three straight heats, in 2:31, 2:34, 2:20½. Sammie G. was second, Sut Lovegood third, and Blue Bird fourth. The meeting was brought to a close on the 18th, when the first race, for 2:34 horses, was won by Red Line in three straight heats, Will Cody second, Billy Yeazel third, and Edgar fourth. Time, 2:25¾, 2:27, 2:25¾. The last race of the meeting was for horses of the 2:27 class, Lady Monroe taking the first heat and Monarch Rule the three following, while Convoy was third and Jessie Hays fourth. Time, 2:28¾, 2:28¾, 2:29¾, 2:28¾.

AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND.—The entries for the great three-year-old races on the English turf in 1881 have been published, and from the list we learn that Pierre Lorillard has nominated six, James R. Keene five, and M. H. Sanford two horses for the Derby, almost identical with which are the entries for the St. Leger. Seven American fillies have been entered for the Oaks stakes. A cablegram dated July 18 says that Uncas has gone hopelessly lame, his near hock being the seat of the trouble. His training has consequently been stopped for the season. The dispatch also says that Parole has been backed for the Cambridgeshire Stakes to win $90,000, the odds received being 45 to 1 against him. The race takes place at Newmarket Oct. 21, and the distance is 1 mile 240 yards.

SIR JOHN ASTLEY and Mr. Alexander of *The London Morning Post* were opponents in a match, welter weights, at Newmarket, Eng., July 5. The match was for £500 a side, and the distance was one mile four furlongs and two yards. Sir John proved winner by three lengths, both riders having had all the work that they wanted.

W. H. JOHNSON of Nashville, Tenn., has purchased from Wiley Buckles of Champaign, Ill., his two-year-old colt Victory, a promising animal. The price paid was $4,000, and it was thought that the colt was bought for P. Lorillard.

BASEBALL.

THE WORCESTERS IN JERSEY CITY.

On July 17 we saw the Worcester nine play for the first time, the occasion being their first game with the Browns at Jersey City, N. J., an assemblage of spectators overflowing the grand-stand greeting the visitors. The weather, though warm, was pleasant, in contrast with the scorching heat of the day before, and everything was favorable for a close game. The Worcesters came to town pretty sanguine of victory, they having the day before polished off the Springfields to a lively tune. They were especially interested, too, in winning this match, in consequence of the victory of the Browns over the Holyokes. The Worcester team included Cincinnati Sullivan at first-base, Providence Nichols and Brown University Richmond as pitchers, Milwaukee Bennett as catcher, old Athletic Knight at right field and captain, Manchester Wood, Lowell Whitney, a colt named Irwin, and Brady, with Mr. Bancroft in the Harry Wright chair, only at a proper distance from the field. The game began at 3.40 P. M. with the Jersey team at the bat, Nichols and Bennett commanding the Worcester battery. Farrow opened with a fly to Bennett and retired; Troy had a life given him by Whitney; and then Booth made a right-field hit, and, by Knight's high throw in to third, Troy reached there safely, Booth getting to second. Before a run could be got in, however, Callahan and Ester popped up fly-balls off Nichols, and the inning ended with a blank. The Worcesters now faced Poorman for the first time, Wood opening play by striking out, while Knight gave Troy a chance to throw him out. Bennett hitting to Ricker a ball which, but for Troy's fine backing-up, would have been a base on an error. As it was, Troy's pretty piece of fielding ended the inning. In the second inning Irwin was afforded chances to field the side out, two of which he accepted, but the third he missed. Gedney, however, struck out directly afterwards, so the error cost nothing. On the part of Worcester, Whitney led off with a two-base hit, and, stealing to third, a run-in looked promising; but, after Brady had been thrown out by Ester, Sullivan hit to Poorman, and the latter, letting him go to first, fielded out Whitney at home-base prettily, and as Irwin struck out the second blank was scored. In the third inning Richmond was sent in to pitch—not that any change was required, but simply to let the crowd see the "coming pitcher!" play in the position. Farrow again led off, and, hitting to Sullivan, was retired. Troy then struck out, and, after Booth had taken his base on balls and his second by Brady's error, Callahan popped a fly-ball and retired, closing the inning for another blank. On the other side in this inning, after Nichols and Richmond had been thrown out well by Troy, Wood got in a three-baser to right field, and now a run-in was looked for as sure; but Knight popped a foul-fly, and the first run yet remained to be scored. In the fourth inning the Jerseymen gave easy chances off the pitching, and were retired for a blank in regular order. On the Worcester side, after Bennett had struck out, Whitney again made a base-hit, but it yielded nothing, as he was put out at second, and Sullivan was thrown out shortly afterwards. This was close fighting, and rather a surprise to the Worcesters, who had expected by this time to have had three or four runs to their credit at least. In the fifth inning Ricker opened play with a two-base hit, and by Gedney's sharp grounder to right field—finely fielded by Brady in time—he reached his third. Then Farrow hit a bounding ball to Brady, who threw it in high to Bennett to cut off Ricker; but the latter slid in well, and thereby scored the first run. Troy now hit a high ball for Richmond to take at pitcher's position, but as both the short-stop and the third-baseman ran in too close to Richmond, he fell and dropped the ball, Farrow stealing to second on the error. Booth now hit a sacrifice ball to right-short, on which Troy was forced off by Brady, a double-up being prevented by Brady's bad throw to first, on which Farrow ran home and Booth to second, the latter being thrown out at second, by Sullivan to Irwin, just after Farrow had scored. As the Worcesters were again blanked, despite a base-hit by Irwin—he being afterwards finely thrown out by Farrow to Troy—the fifth inning ended with a score of 2 to 0 in favor of the Browns, and those who had bet on the visitors winning began to look serious. "Now, boys, get to work and do some batting," said Bancroft; "there's only a Poorman pitching," and the boys aforesaid tried to obey him, but they "couldn't hit the Jerseyman worth a cent." In the sixth inning the Browns, encouraged by their lead, hit Richmond for an earned run, Callahan opening with a base-hit, and getting to second by Ester and Clinton's hit. Poorman's two-baser sending him home, and Ricker striking out. Five men went to the bat on the Worcester side in this inning, Clinton giving Knight a life, and Whitney making his third base hit, but no run was scored; so the inning ended with the score at 3 to 0. Things were getting serious now. Two-thirds of the game over and "nary a run" was not relished by the Worcesters, especially as the Rochester nine were in the crowd, looking on and enjoying the fun. In the seventh inning Nichols went in to pitch again, and this time Gedney led off with a base-hit; but not another was scored. Instead, however, after Gedney had been thrown out by Nichols at second, Farrow's hit, and Troy had tipped out, Booth had his base given him on called balls, Farrow getting round on wide-pitched balls, which led to Bennett's giving passed balls. A bad muff by Brady, followed by a wild throw home, let in two runs, and another wild pitch and a throw home by Bennett to Nichols gave the third run of the badly-played inning, the Jerseymen now having the game in their hands. In this inning, after Sullivan and Irwin had been well thrown out by Ester, Nichols made a three-base hit, and Richmond followed it up with another, the Worcesters scoring and earning their first run. A fine play by Farrow to Callahan caught Richmond off the base, and the seventh inning ended with a score of 6 to 1 in favor of Jersey. In the eighth Richmond again went in to pitch, and Clinton and Poorman hit him at the start for two bases each, a fine fly-ball by Richmond, followed by a throw to third cutting off Poorman, limited the score to a single earned run, Gedney striking out. In the last two innings the Worcesters failed to score; and as the Jersey team added nothing in their ninth inning the game ended with a victory for the Browns by a score of 7 to 1—a more signal victory than that over the Holyokes. They punished Richmond for six base-hits and two earned runs, while they hit Nichols for only two base-hits and no earned runs.

Richmond showed himself to be a strategist of no mean order, having speed, command of the ball, and a well-disguised change of pace, and pitching with headwork. He lacked the services of a catcher to suit his pitching, however. Bennett is a fair catcher, but he cannot throw to bases well, and he is not strong in catching wide balls. Brady did not play up to the mark at second. In fact, it was evidently an off-day for the Worcesters. The Jersey team played a very strong game, both in the field and at the bat. Throw caught finely, and Poorman pitched with telling effect, Troy doing some fine work, as also did Ester. Both erred, however, in "kicking," Troy at a foul-tip and Ester at the call of strikes. The Jerseymen are going to Worcester in August, and the Worcesters then propose to take that ball back again.

JERSEY CITY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Farrow, c.....	5	2	0	3	4	0
Troy, 2d b.....	5	0	1	1	3	0
Booth, r. f.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Callahan, 3b.....	5	2	1	2	1	0
Ester, s. s.....	4	0	1	1	2	0
Clinton, 1b.....	4	0	1	11	0	0
Poorman, p.....	4	0	2	1	3	1
Ricker, 1st b.....	4	1	1	16	0	2
Gedney, c. f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	40	7	8	27	17	4

WORCESTR'S.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Wood, l. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Knight, r. f.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Bennett, c.....	4	0	0	8	2	0
Whitney, 3b.....	4	0	3	1	1	1
Sullivan, 1b.....	4	0	0	9	0	0
Irwin, s. s.....	3	0	1	2	2	2
Nichols, p. c. f.....	3	0	1	1	4	0
Richm'd, c. f. p.	3	0	1	0	1	0
Totals.....	33	1	7	27	11	6

Jersey City.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	4	1	0—7
Worcester.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Earned runs—Jersey City, 2; Worcester, 1. First base by errors—Jersey City, 4; Worcesters, 3. Bases on called balls—Booth, 2. Umpire, Mr. Wardell. Time, 2h.

BOSTON vs. BUFFALO.

The Bostons again defeated the Buffalos on July 16 at Buffalo, N. Y., through the inability of the home-team to do any batting. The Buffalos did nearly all their hitting in the first inning, then getting three runs on singles by Eggler, Hornung and Richardson, and two passed balls and a wild throw by Hawes, who took Snyder's place as catcher in this game. The Bostons gained two runs in the same inning on hits by Jones and Foley, passed balls, and errors of Walker and Galvin. Purcell batted finely in the following, four safe hits, including O'Rourke's three-baser, then giving them three runs and the lead, which they maintained throughout, winning as follows:

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, lb.....	5	1	1	10	0	0
Houck, r. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Jones, l. f.....	4	2	2	2	0	0
O'Rourke, c. f.....	4	2	2	2	0	0
Foley, p.....	4	0	1	0	9	1
Burdock, 2b.....	4	0	1	4	5	1
Morrill, 3d b.....	4	0	0	1	2	1
Hawes, c.....	4	0	1	10	1	4
Sutton, s. s.....	4	1	2	0	0	1
Totals.....	37	5	10	27	17	6

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Hornung, l. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Clapp, c.....	4	0	2	0	3	2
Richardson, 3b.....	4	1	2	2	0	0
Walker, 1st b.....	4	0	0	16	2	1
Fulmer, 2d b.....	3	0	0	2	3	1
Galvin, p.....	3	0	0	1	0	4
McGonigle, r. f.....	3	0	0	4	0	0
Force, s. s.....	3	0	0	1	1	4
Totals.....	32	3	6	27	10	12

Boston.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	4	0	0—5
Buffalo.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Earned runs—Boston, 2. Two-base hit—Jones. Three-base hit—Force. First base on errors—Boston, 2. Struck out—Burdock, 3. Double-plays—Sutton, Burdock and Cogswell. Passed balls—Clapp, 2; Snyder, 2. Umpire, Mr. Daniels.

CHICAGO vs. TROY.

Chicago "Chicagoed" the Troy Citys when they met on July 15 at Chicago, Ill. Hankinson took Larkin's place as pitcher of the local nine, and, being splendidly supported in the field, the Troy Citys were retired without scoring a run. The Chicagos, besides fielding almost faultlessly, batted heavily, and earned seven of the eleven runs credited to them. Williamson took the lead in batting, his three hits including a three-baser and a two-baser, and Gore excelled in fielding.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, l. f.	6	1	1	0	0	0
Peters, s. s..	5	2	1	2	3	0
Willis'n, 3b.	5	2	3	1	2	0
Anson, 1st b.	5	2	1	11	2	0
Shaffer, r. f.	5	0	2	2	0	1
Flint, c.....	5	1	2	3	5	1
Quest, 2d b..	5	0	0	3	1	0
Gore, c. f....	5	2	2	5	0	0
Hankin'n, p..	5	1	2	0	4	0
Totals.....	46	11	14	27	15	1

TROY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, c. f....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Brouthers, 1b	4	0	0	10	0	1
Caskins, s. s.	4	0	2	1	3	2
Reilly, c.....	4	0	0	4	2	1
Hawkes, 2b.	3	0	1	6	5	1
Doescher, 3b	3	0	0	2	3	1
Bradley, p..	3	0	1	0	4	3
Evans, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Totals.....	32	0	7	27	17	8

Chicago.....	3	0	2	0	1	2	2	1	0—11
Troy.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 0

Earned runs—Chicago, 7. Two-base hits—Dalrymple, Peters, Williamson, Shaffer, Flint, Gore. Three-base hit—Williamson. First-base on balls—Chicago, 1. First-base on errors—Chicago, 6; Troy, 2. Struck out—Chicago, 2; Troy, 2. Double-plays—Anson and Flint; Caskins, Hawkes and Brouthers; Hawkes and Brouthers. Passed balls—Reilly, 1. Wild pitch—Bradley, 1. Umpire, Furlong. Time, 2h. 35m.

BOSTON vs. BUFFALO.

The above-named nines played a closely-contested game on July 15 at Buffalo, N. Y. Both presented their strongest nines, Bond and Snyder reappearing in their old positions for the Bostons. In the third inning hits by Galvin and Eggler and errors by Burdock and Snyder gave the Buffalos two runs. The Bostons took the lead in the fourth with three runs on hits by Houck, Jones and O'Rourke and an error of Fulmer's. The score was tied in the seventh inning by the Buffalos making one run on Galvin's single, Burdock's error and Force's three-baser. The Bostons scored the winning run in the next inning on singles by Cogswell and O'Rourke and a couple of passed balls. The fielding was fine throughout.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, lb	4	1	2	11	0	1
Houck, r. f..	4	1	1	1	0	0
Jones, l. f....	4	1	1	2	0	0
O'Rourke, cf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Snyder, c....	4	0	2	5	3	2
Burdock, 2b.	4	0	1	1	4	1
Morrill, 3d b	4	0	0	1	4	0
Bond, p.....	4	0	0	0	4	0
Sutton, s. s..	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals.....	36	4	9	27	18	5

BUFFALO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Egger, c. f....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Hornung, l. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Clapp, c.....	4	0	0	5	2	2
Rich'ds'n, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	1
Walker, 1b..	4	0	0	12	1	0
Fulmer, 2b....	4	0	3	4	8	1
Galvin, p.....	4	2	2	0	5	0
M'Gunigle, rf	3	0	0	0	1	1
Force, s. s....	3	0	1	2	3	2
Totals.....	34	3	9	27	21	5

Boston.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0—4
Buffalo.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—3

Earned runs—Boston, 2. Two-base hit—Jones. Three-base hit—Force. First base on errors—Boston, 3. Struck out—Houck, 2; Morrill, 2; Bond, 2; Egger, Hornung, Clapp, Rich'ds'n, Walker, Fulmer, Galvin, M'Gunigle, Force. Double-plays—Sutton, Burdock and Cogswell. Passed balls—Clapp, 2; Snyder, 2. Umpire, Mr. Wardell. Time, 2h.

CHICAGO vs. TROY.

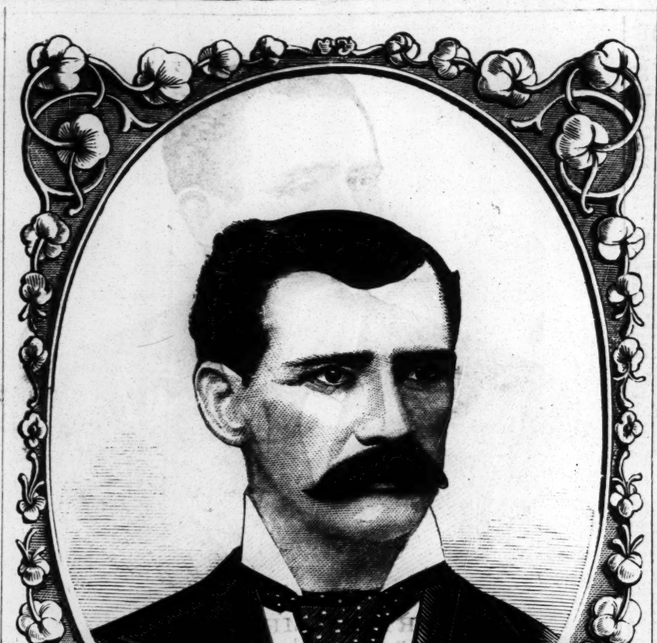
The Chicagos again blanked the Troy Citys at Chicago, Ill., on July 16. Kelly, late of the Syracuse Stars, was put in to catch Bradley for the first time, but played poorly, having five passed balls, three of them in one inning. Remsen of the disbanded Uticas played perfectly in the same position he last year occupied with the Chicagos, but did nothing at the bat. The game presented no features of interest, the Chicagos outplaying their opponents at all points and winning easily, as follows:

TROY.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, c. f....	4	0	0	4	0	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Brouthers, lb	4	0	1	11	0	0
Caskins, s. s.	4	0	2	0	1	1
Kelly, c.....	4	0	0	2	0	6
Hawkes, 2b....	3	0	0	2	7	1
Doescher, 3b	3	0	1	0	1	0
Bradley, p....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Evans, r. f....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	36	0	4	27	9	8

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dalrymple, l. f.	5	0	1	1	0	0
Peters, s. s..	4	0	1	1	2	3
Willis'n, 3b..	4	0	1	2	3	1
Anson, 1st b..	4	2	1	11	0	0
Shaffer, r. f..	4	0	1	2	0	0
Flint, c.....	4	0	2	5	1	0
Quest, 2d b...	4	0	1	3	3	0
Gore, c. f....	4	0	2	2	0	0
Hankin'n, p..	3	0	1	0	6	0
Remsen, c. f..	4	0	2	0	0	0
Totals.....	37	2	13	27	15	4

Chicago.....	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Troy.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Chicago, 2. Two-base hits—Peters, Quest, Brouthers, Caskins, Doescher, Evans. First base on errors—Chicago, 4; Troy, 3. Struck out—Chicago, 2; Troy, 2. Double-plays—Quest and Anson. Passed balls—Kelly, 5. Wild pitch—Bradley, 1. Umpire, Mr. Furlong. Time, 2h. 20m.



A. J. LEONARD, Short-stop,

whose portrait is above given, was born June 1, 1846, and commenced his baseball career, at the early age of thirteen years, in Newark, N. J., with the Gotham—a junior club of that city—playing short-stop and catcher. He played with various other junior clubs in Newark up to 1866, when he became connected with the once-noted Irvington Club of Irvington, N. J., with whom he remained two seasons, filling generally the position of third base. In 1868 he entered the professional arena, being engaged by the Buckeyes of Cincinnati, O., and he remained with them one season, alternating as third-baseman and catcher, and doing so remarkably well that Harry Wright secured him for his famous Red Stockings or Cincinnati nine, with whom he filled the position of left field during the seasons of 1869 and 1870, by his magnificent fielding and batting contributing largely to his club's unprecedented triumphs in those two years. On the disbandment of the Cincinnatis he and others of that nine were engaged by the Olympics of Washington for the season of 1871, during which he filled finely his old position of left field. Harry Wright induced him to join the Bostons in 1872, and he remained with that organization for seven seasons as their left-fielder. He accompanied the Bostons in 1874 when they visited England in conjunction with the Athletics, and displayed unlooked-for ability as a cricketer in the several games played there, having next to the best batting average, George Wright occupying the premier position. At the commencement of the present season he united his fortunes with the Capital City Club of Albany, N. Y., which was transferred to Rochester early in May, where he now holds the positions of short-stop and captain in their reorganized nine. The faithful discharge of his duties and his generally cheerful bearing have made him a general favorite in the Flour City. During his lengthy baseball career he has always enjoyed an unblemished reputation, and been known as a hard-working and reliable player, being, moreover, cool, reticent, plucky, and always striving to win. He is one of the finest of outfielders, being a sure catch, an excellent judge of high and long hits, a swift and accurate long-distance thrower, and very quick and active. He also excels as an infielder, at the bat, and in base-running.

CINCINNATI vs. PROVIDENCE.

The Cincinnatis captured the Providence nine on July 15 at Cincinnati, O., to the tune of 9 to 0, this crushing defeat being due to the weak batting and poor fielding of the visitors. Ward commenced pitching for the Providences, but Mathews relieved him very quickly. The nearest approach the visitors made to scoring was in the seventh, when, after two men were out, York hit for a single and McGeary for two bases, but both were left by Brown. The Cincinnatis batted well, fielded finely, being credited with but one error. The Providence nine, who had left Cleveland the previous night supperless, were in no condition for playing on this occasion.

PROVIDENCE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hines, c. f....	4	0	0	2	0	0
O'Rourke, lb	4	0	0	8	0	3
Ward, p....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Wright, s. s..	4	0	0	1	2	0
York, l. f....	4	0	1	1	0	0
McGeary, 2b.	3	0	1	2	2	1
Brown, c.....	3	0	1	0	1	0
Hague, 3d b..	3	0	1	0	1	0
Math'ws, rf, p	3	0	1	1	6	1
Totals.....	32	0	5	27	14	5

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c. f.	5	2	2	3	0	0
Kelley, r. f..	5	2	3	2	0	0
White, c....	5	1	3	8	2	0
Wright, s. s..	5	1	1	2	3	0
Dickerson, l. f	5	1	2	3	0	0
Barnes, s. s..	5	0	1	1	0	0
Schmidt, 1b..	5	0	1	10	1	0
Burke, 3d b..	5	0	1	3	0	0
W. White, p..	5	1	1	0	6	1
Totals.....	45	9	13	27	10	1

Cincinnati.....	1	0	3	1	0	0	1	3	0—9
Providence.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Cincinnati, 2. Two-base hits—Dickerson, Burke. Hines, McGeary. First base on balls—Hotaling, Will White, O'Rourke. First base on errors—Cincinnati, 5; Providence, 2. Struck out—Cincinnati, 7; Providence, 5. Passed balls—Brown, 3. Wild pitch—Mathews, 1. Umpire, McLean. Time, 2h. 30m.

SYRACUSE vs. CLEVELAND.

After losing two successive games, the Stars of Syracuse, reversing results, beat the Cleveland July 17 at Cleveland, O. The visitors' nine were strengthened by the addition of Woodhead of the Manchesters at third base, and the reappearance of McCormick as pitcher. The Stars did the best batting, bunching their base-hits when most needed, while those of the Clevelands were scattered, Tilligan's good batting securing a majority of their runs.

SYRACUSE.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, 1st b..	5	1	2	9

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal-laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be *prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 21.

LADIES' LIST.

Austin, Cora
Annetta, Mlle. (2)
Allen, Eloise
Atkinson, Maude
Archer, Mollie
Anderson, Mary
Bennett, Laura (of Pike's Co.)
Blande, Edith
Beaumont, Stella
Crisp's Co., Manager Cecelia)
Carroll, May (of Coliseum, Toledo)
Carfano, Eloa (of Opera-house, Toledo)
Clyde, Minnie
Chaproneer, Lillian
Capera, Bertha (with Berger Family)
Clayton, Carrie (of Boylston Museum)
Caselli, Fannie
Congdon, Florence
Clifford, Millie
Coombs, Jane
Delman, Lulu
Dayton, Ethel (of France's Co.)
Douglas, Fannie (late of Shelby's)
D'Este's Co., Manager Helen
Davis, Julia (actress)
Davenport, Fannie
Dupont, Hattie
Dumont, Frank
Emidy, Jay
Edwards, Frank
France, Geo.
Forbes, Chas. F.
Fisk, L. V. (2)
Fisk, L. J. (cornetist) 3c.
Fisch, C. E.
Fanstin, M.
Farrell, J. G.
Foote, Wm. (manager) (2)
Ferguson, Robt.
Fritz, Ed.
Frohman, Daniel
Fleming, J.
Fowler, W. W.
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Florance, W. J. (2)
Frost, Hyatt
Flynn, W. M.
Gonzales, Theo.
Gaston, A. (gymnast)
Gale, Geo.
Grare, E. (late of Opera-house, Paris)
Georges, Augusta
Gotthold, N. (of Indianapolis Sentinel Co.)
Gibbons & Russell
Gotthold, E. M. (2)
Gilmore, W. J. (manager)
Goodhart, Geo. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Gregory, C. J. (gymnast)
Gumaer, F. F.
Giovanni, Sig.
Hamilton, Dollie
Harrison, Alice
Hall, Mrs. A. (2)
Haasan, Ada
Irving, Edith (vocalist) (3)
Jonathan, Alecia
Kingston, Agnes
Kemlo, Louise (with Berger Family) (4)
Kearney, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Kinslow, J. Mrs. (of Boylston Museum)
Kernell, Harry
Lee, Pauline
Loder, Minnie
Lucas, Sam
Leavitt, M. B.
Lyne, H. M. (magician)
Lawler, J. (of Lester Bros.)
Lowande, Natalie
Longmire, Michael
Lilley, Ed.
Leslie, W. H.
Lang, Ned
Lester & Allen
Lennon, G. (of Harley's Minst.)
Lusbie, Ben
Mason & Wesley
Mack, J. W. (of Jen. Hughes' Co.)
Melville, Harry
Mortimer, G. A.
Murphy, J. C.
Melville, Chas.
Mendell, Harry
Man, Jas.
Murdoch, S. (Punch & Judy "biz")
Marten, Harry (pro. m. Hull, Eng.)
Mafflt & Bartlett
Morris, J. R.
Marsden, Ed. (cornet)
Mull, E. (of Martine & Mull)
"MusicalDirector" (2)
McDougall, E. (of Circus)
Miss Lila
McDowel, E. A.
Manager Great Southern Minstrels (2)
Myers, J. C. (manager)
Morrison, J. W. (9)
Mosley, T. (of Ellis' Co.)
Morton, Jo. (of Harley's Minst.)
Moak, J. A.
Mackey, J. (of W. Tennessee Minst.)
Monosco, Frank (2)
Milliner, A. (p. o. m. Bombay, E.)
Mack, Wm. (of Willow & Mealey)
Murab, Rel (dresser)
Mullie, C. O.
Marlow, J. (late of Shelby's)
Marlow & Mealey
Mackie, Jas. B.
Merion, Dora
Morgan, Etta (with Berger Family)
Marshall, May
Marion, Florence
Mayer, Ella (p. o. m. St. Johns, Newf'd)
Mitchell, Lottie
Oliver, Mrs. Eliza (actress) 3c.
Pascoe, Marie
Pearl, Maggie
Parker, Georgie
Pomroy, Louise
Perley, Josephine
Plimsoll, Flora (burlesque "biz") (2)
Raymond, Ida 8c.
Raynham, Kate
Stanley, Maude
Smith, Helen
Sullivan, Annie
Sparrow, Lizzie (of Boylston Museum)
Stanley, Kittie
Sidelle, Clara
Steele, O. (of Steele & Landis)
Sully, Ada
Stutz, J. G.
Sprague, Z. W. (2)
Spaulding & Bellringers, Manager Southgate, Walter
Siegfiel, A. (Boylston Museum)
Shirley, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Spalding, W.
Somerby, Rufus
Sheldon, Doc (with Pullman & Bros.)
Sanderson, H. S. (manager)
Seymour, O. T.
Straight, Nora
Seymour, F. (late of New York)
Sherman, Arthur
Stalbaum, Chas. (musician
Sprague, A. B.
Smith, Will H. (manager)
Scanlan, J. (of Scanlan & Cronin)
Spaulding, W. P.
Shelly, J. F.
Stevens, Billy
Smith, Shirley
Schoefel, — (manager)
Tinkham, E. A.
Twombly, Lizzie
Turner, G. (of Turner & Walsh)
Thompson, J. J.
Thompson, M. (of Howard & Thomp.)
Turner, J. B. (manager)
Tierney, Cronan, Lester & Allen
Todd, W. E.
Tarr, Ned
Tizzie & Hardy
Tony (2)
Wood, Harry
Widman, F. J.
Washburn, E. S.
Warner, Joel E. (late of Lansing, Mich.)
Weaver, Jas. (late of Havana, Cuba) (Florance's Agent)
West, W. (of B. W. P. West)
Wilson, G. E. (manager)
Wiley, Lem H. (2)
Wells, Jos.
Wells, A.
Willis, F. A.
Wagner, Harry
Welby & Pearl (2)
Worth, Prof. (musician)
Wambold, D. (of S. F. Minst.)
White, C. O.
Wynkoop, Mai
Wentworth, Carrie
Zanfretta, Dody

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Allen, W. L. (2)
Avery, Frank (2)
Arnold Bros.
Allen, Frank
Amlar, H.
Andreas, C. (illusionist)
Anson, Chas. A.
Carrie
Allen, M. C. (with Sells' Circus)
Adams, Tommy
Burke, J. (late of Hall, Horton & Co.)
Boyd, John (of Belfast, Ire.)
Berkeley, J. W.
Brazziers, The
Birch, Wambold & Hall
Borst, W. H. (manager)
Blitz, F. R.
Blodgett, Esta (show-man)
Bokker, John
Budworth, H. (comedian)
Benton, Chas
Binney, F. (of Gibson & Binney) (2)
Blitz, Chas.
Bamford, A. L.
Berry, Jacob (manager)
Barnard, G. P.
Brock, Billy (of Coup's Circus)
Bowers, Frank (2)
Bonyes, Wm.
Burke, H. A.
Banks, Joe H.
Banks, Chas. (comedian)
Brazzier, W. L. P.
Brown, F. (manag. Jane Coombs' Co.)
Campbell, Neddiate of Cromes')
Conklin, P. (of Commonwealth Cir.)
Clarke, Kit
Clifford's Dram. Co., Manager Ed.)
Crispini, Hubert
Creston, W. H. (2)
Cohen, Jerry
Carr, Jas. (comedian)
Carry, H. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
Cole, G. (of Anderson's Circus)
Congdon, Mr. (Florence's Bro.)
Clarke, W. W.
Coup, G. W.
Carncross, J. L.
Colton, Harry F.
Cooke, De Witt
Chace, Billy (of Chace & Buckley)
Clapham, H. J.
Carroll, J. W.
Dessauer, Sam (agent)
Davidge, Jr., Wm.
Dupree, C. H. (2)
Davidson, J. (of London Circus)
Dunbar, Geo. (of Cole's Cir.)
Dookstadter, Chas. R.
Davies, C. S.
De Leon, Leon
Dobson, F. B.
Denier, Tony
DeSalas, Brindis (2)
Devere, Sam
Davey, T. W. (manager)
DeBonay, John
Dumont, Frank
Davis, C. L. (comedian)
Emidy, Jay
Edwards, Frank
France, Geo.
Forbes, Chas.
Fisk, L. V. (2)
Fisk, L. J. (cornetist) 3c.
Fisch, C. E.
Fanstin, M.
Farrell, J. G.
Foote, Wm. (manager) (2)
Ferguson, Robt.
Fritz, Ed.
Frohman, Daniel
Fleming, J.
Fowler, W. W.
Fleury, Fernando (2)
Florance, W. J. (2)
Frost, Hyatt
Flynn, W. M.
Gonzales, Theo.
Gaston, A. (gymnast)
Gale, Geo.
Grare, E. (late of Opera-house, Paris)
Georges, Augusta
Gotthold, N. (of Indianapolis Sentinel Co.)
Gibbons & Russell
Gotthold, E. M. (2)
Gilmore, W. J. (manager)
Goodhart, Geo. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Gregory, C. J. (gymnast)
Gumaer, F. F.
Giovanni, Sig.
Hamilton, Dollie
Harrison, Alice
Hall, Mrs. A. (2)
Haasan, Ada
Irving, Edith (vocalist) (3)
Jonathan, Alecia
Kingston, Agnes
Kemlo, Louise (with Berger Family) (4)
Kearney, J. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Kinslow, J. Mrs. (of Boylston Museum)
Kernell, Harry
Lee, Pauline
Loder, Minnie
Lucas, Sam
Leavitt, M. B.
Lyne, H. M. (magician)
Lawler, J. (of Lester Bros.)
Lowande, Natalie
Longmire, Michael
Lilley, Ed.
Leslie, W. H.
Lang, Ned
Lester & Allen
Lennon, G. (of Harley's Minst.)
Lusbie, Ben
Mason & Wesley
Mack, J. W. (of Jen. Hughes' Co.)
Melville, Harry
Mortimer, G. A.
Murphy, J. C.
Melville, Chas.
Mendell, Harry
Man, Jas.
Murdoch, S. (Punch & Judy "biz")
Marten, Harry (p. o. m. Hull, Eng.)
Mafflt & Bartlett
Morris, J. R.
Marsden, Ed. (cornet)
Mull, E. (of Martine & Mull)
"MusicalDirector" (2)
McDougall, E. (of Circus)
Miss Lila
McDowel, E. A.
Manager Great Southern Minstrels (2)
Myers, J. C. (manager)
Morrison, J. W. (9)
Mosley, T. (of Ellis' Co.)
Morton, Jo. (of Harley's Minst.)
Moak, J. A.
Mackey, J. (of W. Tennessee Minst.)
Monosco, Frank (2)
Milliner, A. (p. o. m. Bombay, E.)
Mack, Wm. (of Willow & Mealey)
Murab, Rel (dresser)
Mullie, C. O.
Marlow, J. (late of Shelby's)
Marlow & Mealey
Mackie, Jas. B.
Mason, Ned (comedian)
Maeder, Fred (of Cole's Circus)
Mendells, The
Nelson, F. H.
Nobles, Milton (2)
Naoni, F. (of Forepaugh's Circus)
O'Neil, J. H. (p. o. m. Sheffield, Eng.)
Oakley, Dick (manager)
Price or Mich. Jordan, Mack
Pitou, Aug. (of Opera-house, Toronto)
Pease, Harry
Porort, Billy
Pastor, Tony (2)
Pitts, Chas.
Phillips, W. F.
Pollard, Ed.
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Robbins, Frank
Sheldon, Ed. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Rentfrew, J. N.
Riggs, F. L.
Sloan, Jas. (of Webb Combination)
Redmon, Joe (late of this city)
Reynolds & Walling
Robinson, John (late of Comique, Washington)
Ronaldo, Henry
Hamonna, Ed. J.
Harris, Geo. (pantomimist)
Rhondell, J.
Jones, R. (of Pastor's Co.)
Redmond, C. F.
Redmond, C. (of Redmond & Blake)
Reid, Bothwick
Rice, Edmund J.
Rankin, McKee (2)
Richardson, John (variety "biz")
Raymond, Ida 8c.
Raynham, Kate
Stanley, Maude
Smith, Helen
Sullivan, Annie
Sparrow, Lizzie (of Boylston Museum)
Stanley, Kittie
Sidelle, Clara
Steele, O. (of Steele & Landis)
Sully, Ada
Stutz, J. G.
Sprague, Z. W. (2)
Spaulding & Bellringers, Manager Southgate, Walter
Siegfiel, A. (Boylston Museum)
Shirley, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
Spalding, W.
Somerby, Rufus
Sheldon, Doc (with Pullman & Bros.)
Sanderson, H. S. (manager)
Seymour, O. T.
Straight, Nora
Seymour, F. (late of New York)
Sherman, Arthur
Stalbaum, Chas. (musician
Sprague, A. B.
Smith, Will H. (manager)
Scanlan, J. (of Scanlan & Cronin)
Spaulding, W. P.
Shelly, J. F.
Stevens, Billy
Smith, Shirley
Schoefel, — (manager)
Tinkham, E. A.
Twombly, Lizzie
Turner, G. (of Turner & Walsh)
Thompson, J. J.
Thompson, M. (of Howard & Thomp.)
Turner, J. B. (manager)
Tierney, Cronan, Lester & Allen
Todd, W. E.
Tarr, Ned
Tizzie & Hardy
Tony (2)
Wood, Harry
Widman, F. J.
Washburn, E. S.
Warner, Joel E. (late of Lansing, Mich.)
Weaver, Jas. (late of Havana, Cuba) (Florance's Agent)
West, W. (of B. W. P. West)
Wilson, G. E. (manager)
Wiley, Lem H. (2)
Wells, Jos.
Wells, A.
Willis, F. A.
Wagner, Harry
Welby & Pearl (2)
Worth, Prof. (musician)
Wambold, D. (of S. F. Minst.)
White, C. O.
Wynkoop, Mai
Wentworth, Carrie
Zanfretta, Dody

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only yesterday morning that one of our wealthy friends called to take us to the Highlands; of course we were only too glad to accept such a friendly invitation for a day's sojourn away from the heat of a great city; our wealthy friend called for tickets for two—called for 'em in a voice that could be heard for more than a block, thus advertising the fact, as it might be, that he was doing us a great favor, and that we were the recipient of his bounty, which, of course, made us feel rather cheap, you will understand; when he went to pay for the tickets, lo! his pocket-book had been abstracted, and he was left penniless. He turned to us as a means of salvation, but, feeling in our trowsers-pocket for ingots of gold, with which we are always loaded, before we had fairly got in we discovered to our mortification that the ingots were in the others. Of course, that ended the excursion to the Highlands. One day we looked over the list of burials provided for that day; there was one advertised to go to Greenwood. Here was the promise of a long, free ride to "the silent city," so to speak. A narrow piece of black crape tied around our left arm gave mournful evidence of the sad nature of our mission. Upon reaching the advertised address, our feelings were greatly shocked at seeing no outward emblems of the great sorrow that bowed down that stricken family within, and there was an utter absence of carriages that usually bear the mourners in the wake of the hearse that carries the deceased to the narrow home not made by hands. Upon making inquiry of a well-meaning German grocer next door, that gentleman kindly solved the problem in these words: "Dot det mans vas cum out his life again; you vill find heem mit dem lager-bier stores, vere he vas dreed de funeral. Dem vas a grade mistakes." To verify the grocer's statements, we entered a designated beer-store, and, sure enough, there were the corpse and his sorrowful friends gathered around a keg of beer; that sable badge upon our arm gave us free entree to the carnival; but just as we were about to lift the foaming glass of lager to our parched lips, the bottom fell out! No; there is no pleasure for us—it's work, day in and day out; and all those brilliant bits of ours touching the watering-places and frog-ponds, etc., are the outcroppings of a purely vivid imagination.... Isn't this thing likely to create another revolution in France? Sarah Bernhardt the actress, who fared sumptuously every day on a salary of eight thousand dollars a year and find herself, in Paris, has been "seen" by an American manager, who took her completely by surprise by offering her four hundred thousand dollars for a two years' tour, she to act six months in each year! Sarah seems to have "tumbled to it" at once, and snapped at the golden bait with him not unlike that of a shark, and she is being "worked up" accordingly for this market. While admitting that she can do such things easily enough, the contract does not compel her to stand on her head or to do the high-trapeze, and we shall be deprived of seeing her in her acrobatic and gymnastic performances, nevertheless it leaves the field clear for Sig. Talmage to operate in, while the Bernhardt will be seen in her sculpturesque creations, which, we are told, will "paralyze 'em." In view of all these facts, we propose to make a jo-memorate her coming by inditing a few of those choice poetic gems with which our name has become identified:

SARAH'S COMING.

We have heard of Sarah a Sunday out,
Likewise of her young man;
But the news we're giving you just now
Is of a very different order:
For Sarah Bernhardt's coming, coming,
Sound the old jawbone;
She acts just like the sunflower—
And weighs about nine stone!
In her stocking-feet she's five-feet-six,
And goes up in balloons;
She acts in Camille every night,
Sometimes on afternoons.
She just lays o'er the deck each time—
For God only knows why;
And when in tragedy she shows,
Oh, Sarah hasn't no slouch!
She scorns the filthy lucre which
Lures other lights to shore;
'Tis art alone that tempts her, and
Four hundred thousand more!
Then let us gently murmur, and our strains
Sing loud in Bernhardt's praise;
We worked the racket till she left
The Comedie Francaise!

.....Here is another curiosity which might be worked to advantage by some of the boys. Somewhere or other in North Carolina, one Mr. Eagles has a live sow that, a few days ago, became the maternal parent of a brace of swag pigs, one of which was marked with a swallow fork in the left ear and a slit in the right. Therefore, say we, let Mister Eagles scream!.....In this warm weather "why let your children suffer and perhaps die," when a dose of Juvenile "Pinafore" would do once effect a cure?.....We are told by a man just returned from London, that Mapleson, the operatic manager, is in great distress of mind because business will prevent him from accepting an invitation to a clam-bake at Coney Island. An old grower volunteers the unnecessary remark that the coming tragedian is not yet born!.....More good news for sideshowmen: In Richmond County, Ohio, a male child was recently born, the night side of which is almost black! It seems that the mother was frightened by a large blacksnake! A surgeon who bought a diploma for five dollars desires us to state to showmen that similar results do not follow *all* blacksnake frights!.....The Jim boyvery seriously asks us why the feather dusters on Dolly Dowdy's hat is like Brother Talmage? and almost immediately replies: "Because it's down on an actor." "That is true: so they do."..... The Philadelphia Church-choir "Pinafore" Company have gone to Europe. Let us hope that the ship will be fixed, and that they will not squeal should they get among the "breakers" on a foreign shore.....Another party of "Pinafore" people gave a performance of that opera in the dining-room of the Stockton House, Cape May, on the evening of July 17. But the entertainment was not altogether satisfactory, because the habitues, accustomed to victuals when they enter that saloon, missed their usual rations, and "Pinafore" did not compensate them for the omission of refreshments. Managers giving similar entertainments at watering-place hotels must not forget the victuals. .....It is cunningly hinted that, in addition to going to Europe in a balloon, Paul Boyton proposes to float over Niagara Falls in his india-rubber suit. What a wonderful water performance that would be! Suppose he should take along with him to do the high-kicking?.....Our Jim" declares we have had the last of the hot weather; for, remarks the shrewd lad, even in their reports of regattas the papers all make mention of "*the finest breeze I'm*....." Doesn't it seem so when all the theatres of this great city are closed, and nothing going on except a few variety entertainments? We wish you to understand, however, that the theatrical people are not idle, by any means. The way our managers and agents are hustling will make the theatre-goer open his eyes by-and-bye, when the prompter's bell tinkles to push up the curtain. .....Some of the song-and-dance lyrics we receive are entirely different from all the rest, and will scarcely meet the approval of the critical profession. Before us lies, withered and torn, the remnants of what once was a love-ditty. We have not the room to spare to give the fugitive work entire, but from what we can judge it is the oft-told story of "Love's Young Dream." The blighted heart belonged to a gentleman of the male persuasion, who, having accepted the hand of a beautiful syren, was surprised, on receiving a letter from her one day, to learn that "her heart it was another's," etc. We quote a few lines where two years have elapsed since they met and plighted their troth. This is what he says about it:

'Tis two long years since I met her,
To bid my charming creature good-by,
She said she would never forget me—
"No, indeed, Ned, never—hope to die!"
In my hand I holdeth a letter;
Perhaps it is worth the reading.
For you really guess it is *her* handwriting.
The dear, charming writing I have always loved so well:
"Ed." Humph! that's cool—
"What's the matter now, I wonder?
"I am to be married in the Fall!"
My darling married! Heavens! what a stunner!

"To my friend Mr. Palmer—"
Friend! He's no friend of mine.
"He's a darling of a man, and I'll be so good to him."
Yes, you will, in the course of time.
"If you ever come home, call and see me."
Yes, I will, when I can, I'll be free.
"And I will always be your best of friends;
Yes, indeed I will, Ed—*maybe to die!*"

That is all of the letter that I can give. The theme, you will observe, is original, and at the same time it is treated in an entirely original manner. The running remarks of the deluded one as he perusses the letter are full of keen satire and sharp repartee; yet he never once loses control over the mind diseased which are crushing him down like a figury-four trap on a rat. Properly elaborated, and presented with the necessary scenic effects, the work could not make a very successful song-and-dance operetta, and the same time-honored, time-light in the more brilliant love-passages, where he assures and assures her for her want of faith, and she, conscious of her duplicity, gives vent to real tears, would make it still more effective. We are not permitted to make public the name of the author, but we may *will* come when, throwing aside the shackles of society and suspending asunder the chain that now binds the child of genius, he will appear before the public, and there, in the pride of manhood, exhibit the canker-worm that has been eating away his heart. Till then we silence reign.....We are told that Nilsson's medical adviser will not permit her to use the violin. This is altogether too arbitrary, and she would do well to pay him his wages and let him go. It may be, however, that the cable has misrepresented the learned doctor, and it is impossible that he prohibits the use of medicine that's the vial in. .....Fanny Davenport ought to get along nicely next season; for, according to the papers, she is to be "supported" by nearly all our first-class actors. .....Wonder how Modjeska's dog is since she left us?.....If Bernhardt is to get four hundred thousand dollars for her tour of this country, what ought Pony Moore and his Christy's Minstrels to get? And if not, why not?.....Well, isn't it time for Steele Mackaye to begin those alterations in the Madison-square Theatre?.....Jack Thornton, what's the next one to go through the Globe? Inclose a three-cent stamp for reply.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Theodore Steinway is on his way to Europe.....Electric candles have superseded gas in the Summer Garden of St. Petersburg, Russia, as well as in some of the private gardens of that city. It is said that the public are delighted with the new method of illumination, which makes the gardens as bright as if lit by moonlight.....L. G. Wiesendahl of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, has left that city early last week for Santa Fe, N. M., where he will abandon music and enter into a new business.....Nellie Bryant is once more visiting the world after a severe surgical operation and a ten weeks' siege in hospital. He is not quite himself yet, but there is every prospect of a permanent cure.....Jacob D. Fair the lecturer is credited with having invented an improved baby-carriage, and as having sold the patent for fourteen thousand dollars.....The Misses Henry and Rutherford and the Messrs. De Lange, Donovan, Knorr and Knox, all of the Philadelphia Church-choir "Pinafore" Company, sailed for England on the 16th inst., in the steamship Scythia.....They will summon their chorus-singers from the church choirs in England, and expect to render Sullivan's music as effectively over there as they have for months past given it here.....Lewis B. Munroe died in Dublin, N. H., on the 14th inst., aged about fifty years. He was Dean of the School of Oratory of the Boston University, and one of the best-known teachers of elocution in Massachusetts.....After she gets through with her work at Her Majesty's, London, Marie Rose will go to Paris for some new clothes, having left them in the mind diseased which are crushing him down like a figury-four trap on a rat. Properly elaborated, and presented with the necessary scenic effects, the work could not make a very successful song-and-dance operetta, and the same time-light in the more brilliant love-passages, where he assures her for her want of faith, and she, conscious of her duplicity, gives vent to real tears, would make it still more effective. We are not permitted to make public the name of the author, but we may *will* come when, throwing aside the shackles of society and suspending asunder the chain that now binds the child of genius, he will appear before the public, and there, in the pride of manhood, exhibit the canker-worm that has been eating away his heart. Till then we silence reign.....We are told that Nilsson's medical adviser will not permit her to use the violin. This is altogether too arbitrary, and she would do well to pay him his wages and let him go. It may be, however, that the cable has misrepresented the learned doctor, and it is impossible that he prohibits the use of medicine that's the vial in. .....Fanny Davenport ought to get along nicely next season; for, according to the papers, she is to be "supported" by nearly all our first-class actors. .....Wonder how Modjeska's dog is since she left us?.....If Bernhardt is to get four hundred thousand dollars for her tour of this country, what ought Pony Moore and his Christy's Minstrels to get? And if not, why not?.....Well, isn't it time for Steele Mackaye to begin those alterations in the Madison-square Theatre?.....Jack Thornton, what's the next one to go through the Globe? Inclose a three-cent stamp for reply.

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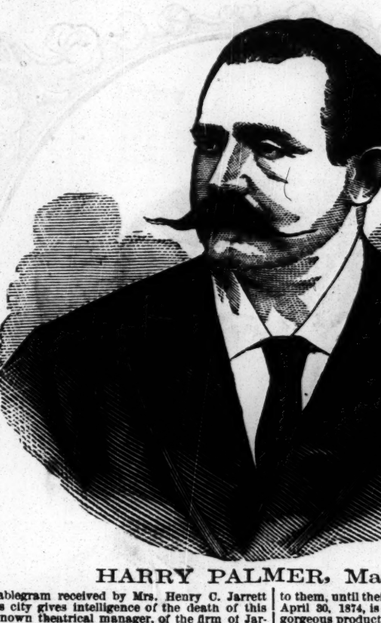

HARRY PALMER, Manager.

A cablegram received by Mrs. Henry C. Jarrett in this city gives intelligence of the death of this well-known theatrical manager, of the firm of Jarrett & Palmer, in London, Eng., July 19, of chronic inflammation of the bladder, from which he had suffered acutely at times for some years past. It was not supposed that his malady was fatal, therefore his death was sudden, unexpected, and a shock to his friends. Deceased was a self-made man in the fullest acceptation of the term, having worked his way from the humble position of a newsboy to that of a theatrical manager controlling first-class theatres in this city, and favorably known in all of the theatres and opera-houses on the continent of Europe, which he had personally visited on more than one occasion to secure talent. Henry David Palmer was born in Pottsville, Pa., Sept. 28, 1832, of parents who were in moderate circumstances. He received a fair education at a district school there, and then went to Philadelphia to carve out his future fortune. He engaged in selling newspapers, and at length attracted the attention of the gentleman in charge of the counting-room of *The Evening Bulletin*, who gave him employment in that office. Prof. S. Boscovitz the pianist has decided to locate in San Francisco for the future.....Miss Louise Pomeroy, now in this city, has an ambition to appear in London, Eng., in light opera. Her operations next year.....Miss Emma Allison, who went up with Prof. Colgrove from Woodward's Garden, San Francisco, in the balloon on July 4, and who came down, bruised and bleeding, in a swamp, says she has had enough of ballooning.....At last advices from Sydney, N. S. W., Kelly & Leon were expected at the corner of King and York streets, that city.....The cream of the vocal artists of Paris are being attracted to St. Petersburg, Russia. The latest drove Fechter away, the reputation of the house declined, and Mr. Palmer's interest was sold by the Sheriff to cancel judgments against him. This was while Mr. Palmer was comanager of Niblo's Garden. To resume: Mr. Palmer, after a long theatrical career, after finishing his tour with Miss Heron he persuaded Felicita Vestvali, a famous contralto of the operatic stage, to appear upon the English dramatic stage. By the terms of his contract he (Palmer) was to find the singers and attend to accordance with their respective abilities, or discretion. If any unforeseen complications arose, the agent must telegraph the situation to Mr. Ullmann, who would at once dispatch one or more agents to the scene with full instructions, thus avoiding any exposure to the enormous rates of a ranging for a testimonial benefit to the veteran manager, which took place at his birthplace, Sandgate..... R. E. J. Miles returned to Cincinnati towards the close of last week.....Dan Shelby of Shelby & Dingle, the vaudeville team at Sprigs at Mt. Clemens, Mich.....Charlotte M. Stanley McKenna, wife of Stanley McKenna, the contstchred agent, has begun proceedings for a divorce in the Court of Pleas of this city. We have been requested to make this announcement, but we prefer always to announce somebody's death; and only then in fully abusing the deceased, and they would be engaged in consequence of a greater attraction. Den Thompson was announced to appear in "Joshua Whitcomb," and the shepherd and his flock could not resist the opportunity to see him.....A. P. Burbank is creating a favorable impression in London, Eng. *The Post* says it is pleasanter to hear him whistle "The Last Rose of Summer" than it is to hear some vocalists sing it. "Some vocalists" is very marginal.....Although a fine horsewoman, yet Christine Nilsson never ventures upon an equine mount during an engagement, for fear of some accident—to them, until their retirement from its management April 30, 1874, is familiar to our readers, and the gorgeous productions of "The White Fawn," "Leo and Lotus," and "Richard III" in spectacular form will not soon be forgotten. Jarrett & Palmer secured a lease of Tammany Hall, in Fourteenth street, which they opened as a variety theatre Jan. 4, 1869, and ran it until June 18, 1870, when their lease was canceled. For some years Mr. Palmer acted as agent for Dion Boucicault while he was in England, attending to the sale of his pieces, collecting royalties, etc. On August 10, 1874, Jarrett & Palmer assumed the management of Booth's Theatre, opening it with Dion Boucicault's drama of "Belle Lamar." Their most notable productions there were "Henri de Navarre," in 1875, which was first revived April 10, 1876, withdrawn May 5), the engagement of Barry Sullivan (Aug. 30, 1875), the last engagement that George L. Fox ever played (Oct. 25, 1875, closed Nov. 27), "Julius Cæsar" in spectacular form (Dec. 27, 1875, withdrawn April 1, 1876), Salvini's Othello (Aug. 14, 1876, withdrawn Dec. 2), "Dan'l Druce" (Dec. 25, withdrawn Jan. 20, 1877). Charlotte Cushman also played what proved to be her farewell engagement in New York (so announced against her wishes) at this house. Their third term of management April 30, 1877. Another remarkable incident in his career was the Jarrett & Palmer Fast Continental Train, which left Jersey City at 1 o'clock A. M. June 1, 1876, and arrived in San Francisco, Cal., at 1 o'clock P. M. June 8. Jarrett & Palmer controlled this business, that their profits to be derived from the sale of these books could be materially increased by having them printed here instead of importing them, as was then the custom. Mr. Palmer, aided by copartners, caused them to be reprinted, at first in small quantities, but gradually increased his business until at length he had in his possession stereotyped plates of all the standard operas. These he sold some fifteen years ago, for a handsome sum. Mr. Ullmann was noted for having in his employment a large number of agents, the principal qualifications for which position were quickness of apprehension and the capability of doing precisely what they were told. They were never permitted to exceed their instructions, and under no circumstances to act in accordance with their own judgment or discretion. If any unforeseen complications arose, the agent must telegraph the situation to Mr. Ullmann, who would at once dispatch one or more agents to the scene with full instructions, thus avoiding any exposure to the enormous rates of a ranging for a testimonial benefit to the veteran manager, which took place at his birthplace, Sandgate..... R. E. J. Miles returned to Cincinnati towards the close of last week.....Dan Shelby of Shelby & Dingle, the vaudeville team at Sprigs at Mt. Clemens, Mich.....Charlotte M. Stanley McKenna, wife of Stanley McKenna, the contstchred agent, has begun proceedings for a divorce in the Court of Pleas of this city. We have been requested to make this announcement, but we prefer always to announce somebody's death; and only then in fully abusing the deceased, and they would be engaged in consequence of a greater attraction. 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CITY SUMMARY.

In Memoriam

OF MY FRIEND JOSEPH J. SANFORD, DIED JULY 18, 1879.

There's one more added to the list,
One more kind friend has gone.
How rapidly they drop away,
At noonday, night, & dawn!
We hope for a bright future,
But only know the past;
We've one more name in this world—
Death claims us all at last.
Then let us all devoutly pray
To Him we may not fear,
Where grief or sorrow is unknown,
But joy forevermore—
May we all meet in that smiling face
On Canaan's happy shore!

NED STRAIGHT.

New York, July 17, 1879.

JOSEPH J. SANFORD died suddenly of heart disease July 18, at the gymnasium, 162 Green street, whither he had gone to practice acrobatic and gymnastic feats. He was born in Birmingham, Eng., and had been a performer since boyhood. He came to this country when about seventeen years of age, and had followed his profession here, having also been engaged with numerous circuses as a trapeze performer. He was for several years a partner with George Brown, and with him performed with Gardner & Hemmings' Circus during the season of 1866 and possibly for one or two seasons previously. He was with Dan Rice's Circus in 1867, Adam Forepaugh's in 1868 and 1869, Gardner & Forepaugh's in 1870, and the Commonwealth Circus—George M. Kelley, Pete Conklin, W. La Rue, and John Conklin, proprietors—in 1871. For this season he separated from Mr. Brown and performed alone. During the seasons of 1872 and 1873 he was with G. F. Bailey & Co.'s Circus and Menagerie, and in 1874 with P. T. Barnum, after which time we do not find his name in our circus records. Since then he had performed in variety theatres, in partnership with Frederick Watson. A few years ago his physician discovered that Mr. Sanford had a disease of the heart, and advised him to retire. While so resting, his health improved so much that he decided to resume his profession, and to prepare for it he commenced practice with the result above stated. He left a widow, who for some time has been singing in variety theatres, and one child. His funeral took place 19 from "The Little Church Around the Corner," the Rev. George H. Houghton officiating. After the services the remains were taken to Cypress-hills Cemetery for interment. There was a liberal attendance of professionals.

SHOT FROM A CANNON.—George Loyal, who was born in Philadelphia, returned to his native land recently, after an absence of twelve years, during which time he has practised his profession in various parts of the world. Ella Zuila accompanied him, and together they began an engagement in Tony Pastor's Theatre in July 7, and they are the only trapeze performers; but the burden of the work was sustained by Ella Zuila, whose petite figure is well rounded, and whose comely face was almost constantly wreathed with smiles. During a series of aerial flights from a trapeze which suspended in the outstretched arms of George Loyal, who was suspended head downwards from a trapeze near the ceiling of the theatre and close to the proscenium, she displayed much nerve and graceful ease. She occasionally descended to the audience, and subsequently called by Mr. Loyal, gave a great variety of difficult acts in rapid succession. During one of these flights she was blindfolded and a sack enveloped her figure (save the arms) from the waist upwards. Their closing act was that of a human gun. Ella Zuila having ascended to a trapeze close to the roof of the theatre, a large cannon, with its muzzle in nearly a perpendicular position, was wheeled upon the stage. Mr. Loyal dropped into the muzzle, leaving only his head and shoulders exposed to view, and then exclaimed "Fire!" when the cannon was discharged, and Mr. Loyal shot upwards through the air and caught Zulia's hands, while clouds of smoke ascended from the cannon's mouth.

6, 1879.

warmer, greater be- r to draw a crowded ol., correspondent, "For the past few rence Barrett, busi- use has been poor, mountain cities have ughtful, responsible falls the blame. The Alice Hastings, sou- st; Emma Lathrop, Everham, and J. H. comedy, giving such p of Tea,' and their etter patronage than he engagement was goods were attached er of Denver credit- t now by way of the ture programme al- play in Colorado 18, 19, and will prob- the less-favored nd Western Kansas. ouis 'Pinafore' Com- as the New York panies), are in Den- ckoning. Their en- nsequently they will weeks, the leading while, participating nights' Cremona. aid to be larger than t.....The feature of present month is the rrett, who began a the intention of pre- ening. The fame of that, notwithstanding s from $1 and 75c. to ch, by the way, it was roy whatever desire he attendance on the n any that has been ver three weeks past. d the applause that Mr. Barrett is ably n Wilson, W. A. Fitz- Charles Edmonds of ainder of the cast is talent. 'Hamlet' will 'Rosedale' 17. 'Julius bly, 19. From here the tains for one week. Barrett's reception on than on Monday, the with an appreciative Bill Combination is s. N. C. Forrester has Company, the merry- rapidly.....Joseph aughter, Miss Anna itizens of Leadville." lifax, N. S., was very k up to July 16, the ra Company in "Pin- s: "The company is V. Pitham. On en- hen the company will 'Pinafore' in the Pub- aged by the Commis- ramme for a prome- d the ballet-girls are ng to a grand march nd (near the entrance es introducing ballet- as an inducement to tic Company, which P. E. A. will reopen or the benefit of the iams, business-agent bill chosen is 'Ruy city amateurs will Beers, and a farce. s, is in town, rustic-

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ra will be produc- Philadelphia, ar- h those gentlemen st named, by the rith his family.

"PINAFORE" was continued at the Boston (Mass.) Museum by the Children's Company the past week to fair business. Our correspondent says: "Master Willie Bryant, the present Admiral Porter, who supplies the vacant place of Fritz Williams, is a fair substitute, and with further experience his performance will be made quite enjoyable. The opera is to be repeated indefinitely. Including the performances of July 26, the Boston Museum management will have given two hundred and nine performances of this operetta—eighty-three times by the regular company, fifty-two times on the New England Circuit, and seventy-four times by the Children's Company. This organization will remain intact, and on Sept. 1 will commence a traveling season lasting nine months.....A private rehearsal of a part of a new opera composed by W. J. D. Leavitt, the well-known organist of this city, which has been called 'Mercedes,' was given in Music Hall morning of 15 by a chorus of fifty voices. The opera is in three acts, the locale being an old Spanish town, and love, war and intrigue are prominent points in the plot..... The report that J. H. Jones, last season a member of the Boston Museum Company, rejoins Alice Oates' operatic corps is incorrect, as that gentleman and his wife remain in Boston.....Miss H. A. Brown will take the place of Alice Carle in the Home Opera Company.....C. T. Hendee, late business agent of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, will be connected with the Roberts Musical Agency next season.....Mrs. E. A. Osgood returns to America next season.....A sacred concert will be given in the Park Garden 20, under the direction of John J. Braham, who will be assisted by an orchestra and Geraldine Ulmer, soprano; Alexander Bell, tenor; Charles E. Pickett and Charles T. Dolan, baritones; James Gilbert, accompanist; and the Arion Octet—their first appearance in this city."

W. A. Pond & Co. have increased their list of new publications by the addition of "The Doctor's Song," by Carl Mischka: "And If Thou Wilt, Remember," by Rossetti and Graham; "The Little Green Leaf in Our Bible," by E. Harrigan and Dave Braham; "Who Has Not a Ship at Sea?" by W. H. Browne and Augustin B. Garrett; and the instrumental pieces "Kikeriki" (The Rooster's Call), by Philipp Fahrbach; and A. R. Carrington's drum solos, arranged for pianoforte.

LAURENT'S NEW YORK OPERA COMPANY have performed in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, Ont., during the past two weeks, presenting "Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." The attendance has been large, especially on the occasion of the Haslan reception (15), when over 4,000 persons were in the gardens.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., which, with its exposure to streets on two sides and wide alleys on the other two, is a cool Summer house, has drawn delighted crowds all of the past week to witness the continued representations of "Pinafore" by the Chicago Church-choir Company. The combined forces of the first-class "Pinafore" and the strongest presentations of this satire, in a musical way, yet heard here. Locke of San Francisco has offered Haverly a month's engagement with them. Haverly has also been taking some of taking them to New York. But it is doubtful if they could leave their respective positions in Chicago here long enough. The coming week will be the last of their engagement for the present.....'Pinafore" was presented by a German company last Sunday night (13) in Haverly's Theatre, and will be repeated 20. Letter of July 19.

THE STANDARD OPERA COMPANY, aided by Marie E. Gibson of Elmira, N. Y., sang "Pinafore" there July 18 to a good-sized audience. The company close their traveling season in Towanda, Pa., July 21, and all return to New York except Mrs. Gibson, who goes to her home in Elmira.

THE CLEVELAND (O.) ZITHER CLUB gave a concert in Haltnorth's Garden July 17 to a large audience. They were ably assisted by the Germania Orchestra and the Arion Vocal Quartet.....The tri-weekly concerts given by Mr. Hogg, the proprietor of this garden, are doing well. The orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Zitterbart, is the best ever heard in this city.....Chas. S. Rogers, supported by Mattie Vickers and a company, will play their musical extravaganza "Our Picnic" in the Academy of Music week of 28.....Prof. Zitterbart has been secured by the management of the Opera-house as director of orchestra for another season.

ALL THE SUMMER improvements at the North Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, having been completed, as mentioned in last week's CLIPPER, "Patintitza" will be produced July 21. Louise Janet, the actress having declined to play the Princess Lydia, her place will be supplied by Hattie Arnold. The full cast is as follows: Vladimir, Miss Laura Joyce; Patintitza, Mlle. Ella Montejo (alternate nights)—Princess Lydia, Miss Hattie Arnold—Nursicia, Miss Adelaide Detchon; Zuileka, Miss Eva Glen Barker; Diona, Miss Rosa Schlesinger; Beseika, Miss May Selvie (Pacha's wives)—Julian, Correspondent, Eugene Clarke; Count Kautchakoff, Russian General, Harry Allen; Izzet Pacha, Turkish Governor, W. H. Seymour; Stephan, Russian Sergeant, Chas. F. Lang; Wasil, Russian Captain, J. S. Osmond; Ossip, Russian Lieutenant, J. Taylor; Winka, Bulgarian Spy, G. W. North: Hassan Bey, Leader of the Bashi-Bazouks, D. Howard; Mustapha, Guardian of the Harem, F. A. Tannehill Jr.

VARIETY HALLS.

AT ALBECKER'S APOLLO THEATRE, Evansville, Ind., John R. Weaver opened July 14 in his drama of "Toby," supported by Miss Lena Ryan, Stella Evans, Hattie Raymond, and the stock company. In the olio were Victoria North, Dan Mason, Dan Sully, Redmond and Georgie Blake. Bob Milligen, Ada Adair, Adele Leonard and the Coony Sisters open 21.

DAISIE MARKOE, late leading lady of the Metropolitan Comedy Co., and a favorite in the South and West, has entered into partnership with Frank Clayton, and will perform in variety theatres in a new and original musical duo.

HALEY AND WEST will renew their partnership Sept. 1.

THE STAR OF THE SOUTH MINSTREL TROUPE—five in number—can be engaged. See Charles St. John & Son's card.

THE FALL AND WINTER SEASON at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, Pa., begins Aug. 18. Applications for engagements can be made to the proprietor, Henry Miller, as per card. Harry Glinon is the amusement director.

CHAS. AND EMMA AUSTIN, Irish comedians, at present with the Emmet Diorama of Ireland, publish their address in another column. They will introduce two new Irish sketches next season, "Kitty's Wedding-day" and "Trial by Judy."

VARIETY PERFORMERS and musicians are wanted for a tent-show. See J. F. Boss' card.

THE FRONT-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., after being renovated and improved, will reopen under E. D. Goodrig's management. Jos. Rosenfeld will be proprietor. Those desiring engagements can address as per advertisement.

MAY FISK'S BLONDES, under the management of Smith and Breslaur of Winona, Minn., played in Lacrosse, Wis., July 17, Winona, Minn., 18, Red Wing 19, and are billed in Hastings 21, Stillwater 22, St. Paul 23, 24, Minneapolis 25, 26, Faribault 28, Rochester 29, Waseca 30, Mankato 31; thence through Iowa.

AT THE GEM THEATRE, Central City, D. T., at our latest advices, the company included Dave Oaks, Mark Hughes, Chas. C. Melville, Billy Reed, Ed. Shepard, Della Shepard, Fanny Willies, Ida Livingstone and Cecilia Clinton.

PATRONS of variety theatres in Denver, Col., were much surprised July 9 by the news that the New Adelphi Theatre had been closed for an indefinite period. It has not been reopened, and at the present outlook will not be again before Fall. Our correspondent says: "The Adelphi had been refitted, improved, and reopened to the public only a few weeks ago; and as it had been well attended every night, the conclusion was natural that Mr. Quinn, the proprietor, was doing well. It seems, however, that he became involved in outside business of a losing character, which brought him in debt with nearly every member of his company, and necessitated the closing of the theatre. There is undoubtedly money in it for some more careful manager, but the present outlook for a reopening is not encouraging.....B. F. Perry has the variety-theatre field all to himself again, and is agreeably relieved from a large share of the expenses which competition compelled him to bear. Frank Bennett, stage-manager, is competent, and to his assistance much of the success of the performances is due. The Etzeltine Sisters and Baby McDonald will continue this week. The Ameses, song-and-dance, have begun a short engagement. Perry's Female Minstrels, with the presentation of which the performance is opened, have some good songs. The ladies—ninety in number—present a unique appearance in little red riding-hoods and novel costumes. Wiley Hamilton, the Etzeltine Sisters, Baby McDonald, James Marlow and Lou and Billy Hayles are to close 19, going to Leadville for a somewhat lengthy stay. The Swains—Sam and Charlie—are to arrive 21."

ASTORIA, Oregon, supports three variety theatres, although one of them—Smith's Music Hall—is temporarily closed, owing to a change in the management. At the Star Varieties, under the management of Commodore and Major Nute, the company includes, besides them, Harry Glenn, stage-manager and a motto-vocalist; Luke Brant, song-and-dance and banjo-soloist; Billy Holland, song-and-dance and clog; Terry Connors, North-of-Ireland specialties; Master Humphrey, jig, clog and reel dancer; Birdie Watson, soubrette and clog; May Mitchell, sketch artist; Dora Kelley, serio-comic and character dancer; and Harry Bell, leader of orchestra. The season is to close Aug. 15, and the company will go on a tour. At George Hill's Varieties Harry Watson is the stage-manager, and the company are John Hallister, song-and-dance and clog; John Carter, Ethiopian comedian; Fred Gere, Dutch songs-and-dances; Joe Spencer, banjo-soloist; H. A. Markey, Irish vocalist; Billy Price, Steve Ostrander and Harry Mestayer.

ALICE RIDGEWAY is to open in the Tivoli Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., July 21.

PROF. PARKER'S dog circus has been engaged for the Exposition in Louisville, Ky., commencing Sept. 2, to continue seven weeks.

HARRY LINDLEY telegraphs to THE CLIPPER denying that he was recently married to Louie Nolan (Mrs. Frank Lewis). The information was sent to us by a member of the company with which he is traveling.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, last week, Fanny Herring in the "Dumb Boy of Manchester," supported by Dan. Leeson, W. H. Danvers, Maurice Heppard, Marie Wellesley, Leo Gordon and others, was the chief attraction. In the olio there was a pantomime, with M. Heppard as clown. Chas. H. Stanley, Mlle. De Granville and Little Nellie also appeared. Fanny Herring continues the current week in the play of "Daring Dick," and Styles and Barry and Dilks and Wade begin 21.

GYMNASTS for brother and horizontal-bar acts are wanted by E. O. Rogers, who advertises. The Maynard Brothers are requested to write.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, Pa., will be opened for the Fall and Winter season about Sept. 1. Combinations and sensational stars desiring time are requested to address Thomas F. Keily, manager.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburg, Pa., is advertised to rent for the Fall and Winter season. M. C. Trimble, the lessee, states that the house has been placed in first-class condition. If it is not rented by Aug. 10, he will be prepared to negotiate with variety stars and combinations.

W. H. Joyce publishes a card stating that he has made no engagements for next season.

THE DAYTONS—Tommy and Annie—are resting at their home in Waller, Ross County, O., where they can be addressed.

VERY FEW PEOPLE at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, last week, witnessed the performances of Maud Stanley, Clark Gibbs, Edward Werner, Dick Gorman, Shrop and Lick, and others. Wells and Sylvans and McPherson and O'Neill arrive 21.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, with little May as Eva, was the attraction at Fairmount Summer Garden, Philadelphia, the past week.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONSTELLATION is the title of a new organization now forming and to start out Sept. 27. Specialty and pantomime performers are wanted, the entertainment including a first-part, olio and pantomime. See Charvat & Kirch's card.

LADY TALENT is wanted at J. Davy's Coliseum, Indianapolis, Ind. See card.

FROM CINCINNATI we have the following advices, dated 19: "The Wellington Sisters' Combination opened 14 at the Lookout Opera-house, and have drawn fairly. An acceptable 'first-part' opened the programme, in which Mulligan and Morris figured on the ends, and Annie Boyd and Estelle Wellington vocalized. The olio, besides the dissolving statues, consisted of the specialties of Annie Montague, Joe Redmond, Ada Clifton, Moore and Lessenger, Annie Boyd, Mullaley and Fenton, Estelle Wellington and Mulligan and Morris. The combination will close its season after to-morrow's performances.....The Mauritius Brothers, gymnasts; John P. Carroll, cloggist and comedian; and Eldora May Carroll, vocalist, opened at the Eldorado 14. Business moderate. Closing: George H. and Nettie Wood and the Mauritius Brothers. Opening 21: Harris and Wood.....The new people this week are Jennie Oates, Allie Sheppard, John Donaldson, and Charles H. King.....Charles and Lulu May and Harry Spriggs are playing at the Green Hill House, a small suburban garden.....Jessie Rosebud is in town.....The Live Sisters were in town 15.....A combination, mostly of artists now here, is to open at the Knickerbocker, Louisville, Ky., 28. It will consist of Charles W. Young, Nellie Massa, Lillie Rosebud, Mulligan and Morris, Bob and Nellie Brimmer, Minnie Lawton, Venus and Adonis, and Charles Hammond.....Porter's Varieties, of which both performers and audience are colored, has been started in that portion of the city known as Buckstown.....Sheridan and Reilley, James Carr and Watty Morgan are playing in Harrison, O.....Little Rosebud and combination will probably appear at the Coliseum next (this) week.....In consequence of bad business Rosa Lee's Lady Minstrels decided to give up their contemplated second week at Heuck's.....James Collins has been selected by Mr. Heuck as his new manager, and left for the East a few days ago to make arrangements for the house.....Jessie Lang was in the city early in the week, and was engaged by Manager Collins to play the comedy roles at Heuck's. George M. Arnold has been re-engaged as prompter.....David Crusoe the scenic-artist, Sullivan the carpenter, and others of the stage employes at Heuck's, have established a fishing camp on the Miami, where they are Summering.....Esher's Athenæum will not open till Aug. 15."

MME. RENTZ'S MINSTRELS.—M. B. Leavitt is to have two companies on the road next season under this title, although it is probable that each will have an additional distinct sub-title, in order to prevent the confusion which might otherwise arise. Marie Pascoe and Kate Raynham, who were with this company last season, returned to England in the steamship Erin July 19. Miss Raynham will return, having been engaged by Mr. Leavitt for next season. Mabel Santley, Rosa Lee and Little Montmorency, also of last season's company, will be retained. The Parker Sisters—Georgie and Lizzie—Victoria North and Gussie Moulton have been engaged. E. Rosenbaum will be the agent of this company. The other troupe is to be under the management of Kit Clar e, with Charles Benton as advance agent. Among the engagements already made are Louise Linden, saxophone-soloist, the three Loretta Sisters, the Hamell Sisters, Lizzie Weber and Kate Skuse, harpist, who will arrive from England next month.

THE CORSAIR MINSTRELS opened the performances in Crone's Garden Theatre, Indianapolis, July 14, after which Sellon and Burns gave an Irish sketch. Introducing a glove fight, which was well received: Viola Wray sang topical songs; Hines and Blossom appeared in grotesque songs-and-dances; the original and genuine Daisy Remington gave serio-comic songs and a recitation: Allie Sheppard, in pleasing in songs-and-dances; and J. T. Sherry did a creditable clog-dance, accompanying himself on the banjo. The bill concluded with "The Hindoo Princess," the stage setting and costumes being especially attractive. Business for the week averaged fair. All of the above people, with Sellon and Burns, closed 19. Hines and Blossom and Daisy Remington go to their homes in Decatur, Ill., to rusticate for a few weeks. Arrivals 21: Chas. O. and Gertie Seaman, Chas. Frey, Harry G. Lambkin, and Florence Marshall.....Mrs. Felton have closed a contract for a year's lease of this house. Mr. Felton and family go to their home at Ann Arbor, Mich., 21, to rest for about a week.....Nellie Morningstar is new at Greunert's Hall.....Effie De Rock is the latest addition to the company at Davy's Coliseum. Closed 19: The Goodalls.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., was open only July 17, when, says our correspondent, "a benefit was tendered to Billy Chace, the following performers appearing: The St. Felix Sisters, Ida Sliddons, Alice Gleason, Martin Steen, Fanny Postelle, Bell and Leslie, the Bookstaders, Walter Emery, J. J. Simmonds, Chas. H. Patt, R. E. Jourdan, James Garland, Billy Wilson, Geo. Earle, Olney Creamer, Dick Welch, Jack Sweeney, Mike Sullivan, the Careless Boy, Walter De Baun, Geo. Sevmour, Jack Kent.....At the Sans Souci has Arnold Bros., the Bookstaders, Walter Bray, C. M. Barnes and the Alpine Quartet appeared. A new opera by E. S. Getchel and J. P. Weston, entitled 'Buttercups and Daisies,' was to have received its first representation 19.....At the Park Garden the production of 'Pinafore,' on the deck of a vessel floating in the lake, has proved a decided hit. The electric-light is used, and answers the purpose very well. The cast is by far the strongest we have yet had here. It will probably run for a month or more, the attendance averaging from 2,500 to 4,000 people nightly."

FOREST GARDENS, in the Highland District of Boston, Mass., under the management of L. Darling and James M. Russell, with William A. Bachelor superintendent, inaugurated on the night of July 16 a series of open-air entertainments, consisting of a variety performance by Maffitt's Pantomime and Specialty Company. The programme embraced Andy Leavitt's sketch of "The Coming Man," acted by the author, George Milbank, J. J. Williams and Addie Farwell; serio-comic songs by Lizzie Barntio; Allen and Hart's specialty of "The Rival Lovers;" William Levantine and Ed. Earle in acrobatic feats; Andy Leavitt's banjo-solos and songs; Carrie and Lizzie Prescott in an act called "The Double Mystery;" Levantine's dancing barrel; and the pantomime of "Nicodemus," Joseph Harris, a pupil of Mr. Maffitt, appearing as Clown, the other parts being sustained by Mr. Jones and A. J. Malcolm, in addition to those enumerated above. Performances were continued nightly during the week, as well as at Saturday matinee, and a large increase of visitors has been noticeable, the admission-fee being fixed at twenty-five cents. A change of programme will be made 21.....The last week of the season at the Boylston Museum commenced 14, the primary feature being the appearance of the Four Aces—Lester, Allen, Tierney and Cronin—and a company made up of Viola Clifton's Lady Minstrels, who opened the performances with the customary first-part. The olio presented Tom English, musical specialist; Lizzie Daily, jig-dancer; Burt Watson in songs; Viola Clifton in serio-comic selections; Ada Lannier, songstress; Ida and Emma Ross in a dancing medley; Tony Williams and Burt Watson in Irish songs and parodies; Ada Linwood, balladist; and the sketch of "Our Modern Police Courts." The Boylston will be closed for four weeks, during which time a thorough cleaning, enlargement and renovation will be gone through with.

AT KERSE'S SUMMER GARDEN, Baltimore, Md., good business prevailed the past week. Cool Burgess being the principal card. The other new faces 14 were the Courtland Sisters, Billy and Maggie Ray, and Alice Gilmore. The departures 19 were the Clinetop Sisters, to Philadelphia, and Alice Gilmore, to Washington, D. C.....At Kerse's, however, 21, the business was to be greatly increased, the new local sketch of "Scenes at Harvey's Clothing Store" concluded the entertainments. Billy Emerson took Dougherty's place on the tambourine end. For the last week, beginning July 21, Charles V. Seamon's "Cirque D'Ethiope," Harry Robinson and trained lions and tigers, and eight other fresh performers are announced.

THE ORIGINAL DIXIE MINSTRELS (colored), under the management of Ralph Rafield, son of R. Dorsey Ogden, are billed to appear in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre July 25, 26, including matinee; thence on a Southern tour.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS played in the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., July 14, 15, with matinee on the latter date, to large business.

JOHN L. CARNCROSS, the well-known minstrel manager, is sojourning at Atlantic City.

THE BODY of the late G. W. H. Griffin was received in Boston, Mass., July 14, by a detachment of the Elks, and interred in Woodlawn Cemetery.

HOOLEY & EMERSON'S MEGATHERIAN MINSTRELS, it is said, will open a week's engagement in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, Chicago, with Sam H. Whitenect will pilot them during a New England tour, commencing in September.

CIRCUSES.

SELLS BROTHERS' RAILROAD SHOWS will perform at Vincennes, Ind., July 23, Mt. Carmel, Ill., 24, Carmi 25, Nenna 26, Centralia 28.

CIRCUS TALENT and pedestrians are wanted by Jerome Du Mar, who also advertises new and second-hand tents for sale or to rent.

CIRCUS PEOPLE in all branches of the business are wanted by the Sells Brothers, who advertise. They intend to have at least 50 of all kinds. Below is a list announced for Belleville, Ill., July 31, Du Quoin Aug 4.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS drew two large audiences in Fort Wayne, Ind., July 15. Our correspondent says: "The street-pageant was very fine, the ring performance only fair, there being much sickness among the performers and animals. Route from here: Muncie 16, Indianapolis 17, Columbus 18, Franklin 19, Jeffersonville 21, Louisville, Ky., 22, 23, Seymour, Ind., 24, Terre Haute 25, Peoria, Ill., 26, Cadiz, O., 28."

DAN DUCELLO'S WIRED EXHIBITIONS showed in Randolph, Mass., July 16, Holbrook 17, South Braintree 18, South Weymouth 19. While exhibiting in Randolph a tornado struck the canvas immediately after the afternoon show. The lion cage was upset, but was soon righted again. Johnny Gardner (a performer) was somewhat injured by a falling pole. E. C. Glasford closed 19, on account of ill health, and will sojourn during the remainder of the Summer season at his home in Lockport, N. Y. Business is reported good.

THE FOREPAUGH SHOW exhibited afternoon and evening of July 19 on the baseball grounds, Hartford, Ct., to large and well-pleased audiences. Our correspondent says: "The entertainment as provided in the arena was creditable, each performer being an artist and each act a meritorious specialty. The menagerie comprises one of the largest and best collection of animals ever seen with any one concern in this vicinity, and the street-pageant was the subject of much favorable comment."

FRANK ROBINSON, youngest son of "Old" John, and advance-agent of John Robinson's Circus, was married 14 to Miss Frankie Bailey, daughter of Fred Bailey.

J. HUTCHINSON, proprietor of the sideshows with Cooper & Bailey's Circus, offers special inducements to living curiosities to become part of his exhibition. See card. The following people are now with the show: Myrtle Corbin, the four-legged girl; Eli Bowen, legless man; L. W. Sprague, living skeleton; Frank Morton, ventriloquist; Prof. White and phonograph; Prof. Rossi and troupe of trained monkeys; Adalina, tight-rope performer and Circasian gypsy; Master Stone, lightning calculator; and Prof. Fry's Cornet Band.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are offered long engagements by Battersby & Milligan, who also advertise for a sideshow-talker. They are now exhibiting in Chicago, Ill., to reported good business.

COOPER, BAILEY & CO.'S LONDON SHOW exhibited in Kansas City, Mo., July 28, 29, Paola, Kansas, Aug. 1, Sedalia, Mo., 4, Moberly 6, Mexico 8, St. Louis 11, one week.

FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS pitches its tents on the Coliseum grounds, Boston, Mass., July 29, and is to remain till Aug. 1.

W. C. COUP'S NEW UNITED MONSTER SHOWS are to exhibit in Pottsville, Pa., July 21, Tamaqua 22, Mahanoy City 23, Ashland 24, Shamokin 25, Danville 26, Williamsport 28, Elmira, N. Y., 29.

LOUISE STARSON joined Forepaugh's Circus in Hartford, Ct., July 19, to perform in the concert for the rest of the season.

ALLEN'S GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS is billed in Penn Yan, N. Y., July 23, Dundee 24, Watkins 25, Bath 26, Hornellsville 28.

ALLEN'S GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS is to exhibit in Geneva, N. Y., July 22, Penn Yan 23, Dundee 24, Watkins 25, Bath 26, Hornellsville 28.

THE ONLY PLACE of amusement now open in Norfolk, Va., is the Varieties, where the following company are playing to fine business: Kitty Whitland, song-and-dance and jig; Belle Fairmount, serio-comic; Ida Melville, operatic vocalist; Mattie Gray, serio-comic; Bob Slade, banjoist; Harry Long, clog and song-and-dance; and Harry S. Jefferson, general business and stage manager.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., is to be reopened July 21, after being closed for two weeks. In that time many needed improvements have been made. The stage is brought forward four and a half feet, new chairs, new scenery and new drop-curtain have been put in, and the interior has been repainted. M. J. Kellackey remains proprietor, and B. C. Hart manager. The following people are announced to open 21: Charles and May Locke, Harry and Minnie Wood, Morris Bros., J. T. Leon and son, Fields and Hanson, Williams and Hayle, Artie Mills, Tillie Antonio, and Amelia Dean.

AT THE GEM VARIETY THEATRE, Deadwood, D. T., the company at our latest advices included Charles and Georgia Vincent, Edith Valentine, Laura Montrose, Oscar Willis, E. Melville, Fanny Willis and Cecilia Clinton.

THE MABEL FLORENCE FEMALE FIRE-BRIGADE will not take the road until Nov. 3. Wardy Horton publishes his reason elsewhere, and advertises for artists.

DAVE REED, the well-known minstrel performer, is giving instruction in jig-dancing, songs-and-dances and bone-playing at his residence, 49 Bond street, New York. See card.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted for the Happy Irish Pair Star Troupe. See Welch & Fordham's advertisement. Jack Welch states that he is no longer associated with Mandie Lemoine.

THE COLISEUM, Cincinnati, O., will reopen Sept. 1. Variety artists can find engagements by applying as per card.

CHAS. BANKS' BURLESQUE of "Gen Grant's Trip Around the World" can be negotiated for by applying as per card. Mr. Banks warns all parties against infringing on his copyright. He has already had several legal tilts to prove his sole ownership in the play, and proposes to further carry on the war against all who may pirate his work.

NED STRAIGHT, composer and arranger, advertises in this issue.

ELLA ZUILA AND GEO. LOYAL have successfully given their specialties at Tony Pastor's Theatre, this city, during the past week. Their card in another column explains their acts, which includes bicycle-riding on a high wire, and the cannon performance, during which Mr. Loyal is projected from a cannon to a trapeze. He claims to be the first performer here in this specialty, having appeared in it over six years ago.

JEFFREYS WARNER as Sam Willoughby in "The Ticket-of-leave Man" is reported to have met with considerable success. This week she appears in this city as the Captain in "Needle-fire," a burlesque on "Pinafore," by John Pendy.

PERFORMERS are wanted for the opening of Hyde & Behman's Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 1. See card.

THE MCAVOY COMBINATION, consisting of Fred McAvoy and wife, little Ardine and Mr. Crawford, opened at the Concert Garden in Vicksburg, Miss., July 14. Business, considering the yellow-fever excitement, is reported good, and the town as perfectly quiet.

AT MYERS' OPERA-HOUSE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., the new arrivals July 21 are John Kernell, W. T. Bryan', Kittie Le Clair and Lottie Davenport. Duncan Wright left 19, for Baltimore.

MRS. ROSA PERRY, professionally known as Lydia Rosa, July 19, in Denver, Col., presented her husband, E. J. Perry of the Perry Bros., with a boy weighing eight pounds.

CHAS. AND ANNIE WHITING, vocalists, instrumentalists, and sketch-artists, would like to form an engagement with a traveling company. See card. They are spending the Summer at Toronto, and will commence their season Sept. 1.

THE LA RUE FAMILY—William, John and Willie—acrobats, sketch artists and clog-dancers, have met with success in their specialties, the press notices published elsewhere giving their performances a large measure of praise.

VOCALISTS are wanted at Harry Hill's Theatre. See card.

MLLE. GERALDINE and George Leopold in their specialties, including the cannon act and Lulu jump, can be engaged by applying to their advertised card.

MAY TEN BROECK has returned to Boston, Mass., after a forty weeks' tour of the South, West and California.

HARRY LESLIE is to be business and stage-manager of the Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich., next season, which will be his fourth there.

THE THREE BRAZERS are passing their vacation in Chicago, Ill.

LADY PERFORMERS are wanted at Music Hall, Albany, N. Y. Address Austin Mullen, proprietor. Bryan O'Lynn is requested to write.

ED. GILRAIN is referred to Charley Brickwood's card in another column.

PROF. PARKER'S DOG CIRCUS is now at Waldmann's Theatre, Newark, N. J. They perform in this city July 28.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

SWEATNAM'S MINSTRELS are reported to be doing an excellent business at Rocky Point, R. I. A correspondent, writing on July 15, says: "Since their arrival the Coliseum (the theatre in which they perform) has been enlarged so as to accommodate their visitors. The company includes Smith, Waldron, Morton and Martin (the Big Four), Billy Sweatnam, Theodore Jackson, R. E. Gordon, Frank Baker, Wm. Raymond, Charles Heywood and Williams and Pickert. Performances are given daily from three o'clock P. M. until a quarter of five. Rocky Point is a watering-place, which occupies about the location to Providence that Coney Island does to New York, and thousands of excursionists visit it daily to indulge in Rhode Island clam-bakes, bathing and amusements.

BARLOW, WILSON, PRIMROSE & WEST'S MINSTRELS played in Stillwater, Minn., July 14, Eau Claire 15, Grand Rapids 16, Oshkosh, Wis., 17, Fond du Lac 18, Racine 19, and are billed in Grand Haven 21, Muskegon 22, Grand Rapids 23, East Saginaw 24, Bay City 25, Port Huron 26; thence into Canada.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS are booked in St. Paul, Minn., July 23, 24.

MUSICIANS AND PERFORMERS are wanted for a minstrel company by Hi Henry, who advertises.

FRED LOWE, solo-flutist, now with Sam Hague's Minstrels, Liverpool, Eng., will arrive in this city about Aug. 1, and desires to secure an engagement. See card.

STEPHEN CREAN, cornet-soloist, and Wm. Skuse, first-violinist and B flat baritone, will arrive in New York July 27, having just completed an engagement with Sam Hague of Liverpool, Eng. They can be addressed care of this office.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS were lucky in having a polar wave strike Detroit, Mich., the same day they did—July 16—as they were greeted with a house crowded to its utmost capacity. The Broadway Squad, "the clogists, Billy Reed, Charley Reynolds, Harry Kennedy and the burlesque "Pinafore" were especially fine.

HARRY STANWOOD has gone to Coburg, Ont., for the Summer.

J. W. FREETH takes the place of Lew Benedict with Allen, Delehanty & Hengler's Minstrels. A number of excellent performers have already been engaged.

DURING THE FOURTH WEEK of the Megatherian Minstrels at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., the attendance has been fair. Hughey Dougherty closed 12. Gilson and Birney put in a first appearance the past week, and the new local sketch of "Scenes at Harvey's Clothing Store" concluded the entertainments. Billy Emerson took Dougherty's place on the tambourine end. For the last week, beginning July 21, Charles V. Seamon's "Cirque D'Ethiope," Harry Robinson and trained lions and tigers, and eight other fresh performers are announced.

THE ORIGINAL DIXIE MINSTRELS (colored), under the management of Ralph Rafield, son of R. Dorsey Ogden, are billed to appear in the Richmond (Va.) Theatre July 25, 26, including matinee; thence on a Southern tour.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS played in the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., July 14, 15, with matinee on the latter date, to large business.

JOHN L. CARNCROSS, the well-known minstrel manager, is sojourning at Atlantic City.

THE BODY of the late G. W. H. Griffin was received in Boston, Mass., July 14, by a detachment of the Elks, and interred in Woodlawn Cemetery.

HOOLEY & EMERSON'S MEGATHERIAN MINSTRELS, it is said, will open a week's engagement in the Boston (Mass.) Theatre, Chicago, with Sam H. Whitenect will pilot them during a New England tour, commencing in September.

CIRCUSES.

SELLS BROTHERS' RAILROAD SHOWS will perform at Vincennes, Ind., July 23, Mt. Carmel, Ill., 24, Carmi 25, Nenna 26, Centralia 28.

CIRCUS TALENT and pedestrians are wanted by Jerome Du Mar, who also advertises new and second-hand tents for sale or to rent.

CIRCUS PEOPLE in all branches of the business are wanted by the Sells Brothers, who advertise. They intend to have at least 50 of all kinds. Below is a list announced for Belleville, Ill., July 31, Du Quoin Aug 4.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS drew two large audiences in Fort Wayne, Ind., July 15. Our correspondent says: "The street-pageant was very fine, the ring performance only fair, there being much sickness among the performers and animals. Route from here: Muncie 16, Indianapolis 17, Columbus 18, Franklin 19, Jeffersonville 21, Louisville, Ky., 22, 23, Seymour, Ind., 24, Terre Haute 25, Peoria, Ill., 26, Cadiz, O., 28."

DAN DUCELLO'S WIRED EXHIBITIONS showed in Randolph, Mass., July 16, Holbrook 17, South Braintree 18, South Weymouth 19. While exhibiting in Randolph a tornado struck the canvas immediately after the afternoon show. The lion cage was upset, but was soon righted again. Johnny Gardner (a performer) was somewhat inj

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Sweet Bells Jangled,"

a new comedy-drama by a Mr. Hastings, was first acted at the Olympic Theatre, London, Eng., June 28. The action of the drama takes place at Maison Gris, the house of the De la Touche family, situate in the island of Jersey, near St. Heliers. In the first act we are introduced to Robert Earle. This is a young gentleman who, some three months prior to the opening of the story of the piece, has narrowly escaped drowning; has been washed on shore, and has owed his life thiefly to the exertions of Maurice Dodd, a Creole, who has been desperately in love with the heroine, Pauline De la Touche, and who has been rejected by her when he has offered her the position of his wife. Robert has made violent love to Pauline, and has been so far successful that on the very day when we make his acquaintance he has led her to the altar, and the bells are ringing out their merry notes in honor of the event. The general joy is somewhat marred by the announced determination of the bridegroom to start at once on a journey, this resolve coming of an advertisement which reveals the fact that a brother is in some danger in Spain. After the parting between husband and wife there arrives Maurice, accompanied by his friend Henri Jacquard, a member of the French secret police. Maurice is horrified to hear that the lady upon whom he has set his heart is married, and he goes so far as to hint that the man of her choice may be an adventurer. His words appear to have prophetic inspiration, for the police agent, who, in looking over an album, suddenly comes upon Robert Earle's portrait, recognizes it as that of one George Vaughan, who has been under suspicion in his country, and who, according to his assertion, has before been married, and has a wife and family living within some fifty miles of London. Pauline, though unwilling to believe this, is filled with grief, and determines with Maurice to get at the bottom of the mystery. This brings us to the end of the first act. In the second we find that the reported wife has just died; that Pauline has taken charge of her child; that Maurice is trying to persuade her to consent to a criminal prosecution; that she has determined on revenge in her own way; that she insists on a promise that Maurice will not challenge the man who has wronged her to a duel; that she gets some consolation from the Tennysonian reflection that it is "Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all;" that the man who passes as George Vaughan is none other than Robert Earle's twin-brother; that this worthy turns up in "brother Bob's" house; that he is mistaken for Bob himself; that he listens to Pauline's reproaches, and is puzzled accordingly; and that from her he learns of his wife's death. He is overwhelmed with grief at the news; he finds comfort in the presence of his child, and together they depart, as Pauline falls upon her knees, sorrowing that there is no word of comfort—no word of explanation—for her. In the third act, it will very readily be guessed, explanations are brought about. The husband and the cousin have a violent quarrel, and subsequently shake hands, and the family doctor arranges a little trick to settle the wandering mind of the young wife. The room and the people, the furniture and the ornaments, the choristers and the little lady with the bouquet, the merry bells, and all the rest of the paraphernalia are set in order just as on the original wedding-morning, and Pauline is persuaded that all her troubles have been but the troubles of a dream. The ruse succeeds, she regains consciousness, and then, the folding-doors being thrown open, she is told the truth, which is emphasized by the figure of the twin-brother, who is responsible for much of the mischief. There is an underplot—if so it may be called—which deals with the loves of Edgar Fairchild and Rose De la Touche; but this, of course, has merely been introduced to relieve the otherwise sombre character of the play.

"Lord Mayor's Day,"

an English version of "La Cagnotte," was presented at the Folly Theatre, London, June 30, when said house was reopened under the management of Madame Dolaro. It is a farcical comedy in three acts. The scene of the first act is the drawing-room of Mr. Puddifoot, who, with Mr. Bonbon, a fortune-teller, Mr. Mumpumby, Blanche Puddifoot, the daughter, and Felix Puddifoot, the sister of the master of the house, is indulging in their usual game at cards. The losings they are accustomed to place in boxes, which are opened only once a year, the contents being devoted to some special treat. A great deal of time is cut to waste by the counting of the coppers, the author's solitary idea of fun over this matter cropping up in the oft-repeated assertion that among the coins there have been deposited a considerable number of trouser-buttons. For the disposal of the money, the proposition which finds most favor is that for a visit to London on the very next day, which, being the 9th of November, is to witness the anniversary of the Lord Mayor's Show." Puddifoot is persuaded into the trip on the plea that he is in the throes of toothache, he will have opportunity to consult a first-rate dentist. Delia is most anxious for the journey, for, fearing that shelving process which has such terrors for maiden ladies, she has been advertising for a husband, and at last has received instructions to call for interview with an eligible one in the house of Mr. Barnardiston, a matrimonial agent. When we have added that a certain young gentleman called Felix proposes to Puddifoot for the hand of his daughter, Blanche, we have placed our readers in possession of all the incidents of which the first act of the "farcical comedy" is composed. In the second we are shown the interior of a London restaurant, where some pantomimical fun is attempted by the frantic endeavors of Delia to impress of the little country party to eat as much as possible before the busy waiter, without asking permission, removes their plates, the grand coup in the way of humor coming when the diners take up the finger-glasses and swallow the contents. Delia has confided her little matrimonial project to her brother, who, being only too anxious to see her married, readily offers to accompany her to the agent's, the others being thrown off the scent by talk of an invitation to an evening party at the said agent's house. When the dinner-bill is presented, a loud and indignant protest arises. The cipher which transformed one into ten on the check has been hidden by the frame. Puddifoot will not pay, and forthwith a policeman is summoned. While he is protesting there drops from Puddifoot's umbrella a gold watch. The waiter at once volunteers the opinion that he has been dealing with a gang of swindlers, and presently we find Puddifoot & Co. undergoing examination before the inspector at the police-station. The little commissions they have executed, and that have loaded their pockets and their bags with all sorts of miscellaneous articles, strengthen the suspicions against them, and still further doubts as to their honesty are raised when presently they are found endeavoring to make their escape. In the third act, the scene of which is the house of Barnardiston, we find that this escape has been effected. There is more pantomime business in a scramble for the buns which the agent's man-servant is parading; and then Delia, who is provided with the dress of a schoolgirl, is, to her horror, introduced in turn to old Mumpumby and to the police-inspector, who appear to have attended on business not unlike her own. The inspector, seeing Delia and Puddifoot and Bobble, recognizes the "gang" who have escaped his clutches, and the troubles of the Puddifoot party are ended only when Felix comes upon the scene to defray the dinner-bill and to explain that the watch which has caused so much trouble is his, that it was stolen in the crowd attracted to the "Show," and that the thief, in trying to escape, was seen to throw it into the umbrella of some old gentleman, who afterwards was not to be found.

DRAMATIC.

OUR LONDON, ENG., ADVICES bear date July 5, and bring us the following information concerning theatrical matters in the British metropolis: At Her Majesty's Theatre operatic performances have taken place every night during the week. At the Adelphi, "Amy Robsart" had been repeated, with the substitution of Miss Lydia Foote for Miss Neilson. The varied performances of Henry Irving at the Lyceum had included the revival of "The Lyons Mail." At the Princess', "Drink" seemed to increase in popularity. No change had taken place at the Olympic, Strand, Prince of Wales', Globe, Vaudeville, Opera Comique, Court Theatre, Royalty, Alhambra, and Criterion. With that week the Vokes family had terminated their afternoon performances at the Imperial Theatre, "New Babylon" continues to flourish at the Duke's Theatre, "Round the Clock" and the burlesque of "Aladdin" had been the attractions at the Park. The Surrey was doing well with the Adelphi drama of "Proof," preceded by the farce of "The Clockmaker's Hat." The Beatrice comedy-drama of "The Woman of the People" was filling the Standard. At the Grecian, "The Queen's Colors" still held a prominent place in the programme, followed by a drama called "The Curse of Drink." The Victoria had produced the drama of "The Sole Survivor," by Conquest and Pettitt, for the first time on these boards. "Mazeppa" has remained the attraction at Astley's. "The Two Orphans" finds much favor at the Marylebone. Bazin's comic opera "A Cruise to China" had been retained in the lively operatic programme of the Garrick Theatre. The matinee performances on the 5th comprised the opera of "Aida" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Racine's "Phedre" and "La Joie Fait Peur" at the Gaiety, "Charles the First" at the Lyceum, "Madame Favart" at the Strand, "Les Cloches de Corneville" at the Globe, "H. M. S. Pinafore" at the Opera Comique, and the last afternoon performance of the Vokes Family at the Imperial Theatre.

J. HOLMES GROVER has appeared at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, in "I. O. U., or the Way of the Wicked," and appears to have pleased the patrons of that house.

M. ROGER-SOLIE, one of the directors of the Vaudeville, Paris, has just died after a long and very painful illness, in his fifty-sixth year. An actor in his early days, he passed through several Paris theatres, ultimately reaching the Odeon, whence he went to Russia with his wife, Mlle. Solie. They created at the Theatre Michel there two principal parts in "The Demi-monde," and remained in the Russian capital for eighteen years. His funeral was celebrated at the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, which was crowded on the occasion. The whole company of the Vaudeville, Victorien Sardou, Georges Mancel, and other authors attached to the house, and several theatrical directors and journalists were present to render a last homage to a very excellent man. The interment took place at Montmartre Cemetery.

ONE of the Paris papers announces that proposals have been made to Mlle. Jeanne Samary of the Comedie Francaise to abandon the legitimate line for operetta. M. Canton, the new manager of the Bouffes Parisiens, having offered the gay little actress 60,000 francs per annum to come and enliven his theatre. An attempt to seduce the merry soubrette to the same house was made some eighteen months ago, when she was asked to create there the principal role in "La Marocaine." Mlle. Samary, as *sociétaire* of the Comedie, cannot leave that house for ten years.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has taken the Lyceum Theatre, London, during the absence of Henry Irving and the regular company, and will produce a new play entitled "Zara," from the pen of Palgrave Simpson.

MISS NEILSON'S ENGAGEMENT at the Adelphi Theatre, London, terminated prematurely, and the lady was shortly to appear at the Haymarket in a round of Shakespearian characters.

H. S. AUSTIN, theatrical manager, and Byron Pedley, a member of his company, were opponents in a one-hour walking match near Birmingham, Eng., recently, the former winning with a total of 6 miles, less 511 yards, in the specified time. Pedley did not finish.

MISS BESSIE DARLING has purchased the sole right of production in the United States of a new and original play of emotional interest, which is to be produced shortly at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris.

THE RETURN of Miss Ada Ward to England is announced.

"LA VENUS NOIRE," Adolphe Belot's new spectacular piece, has been read to the company of the Chatelet, Paris, and is said to have created a very favorable impression.

P. W. PASCOE BIOLETTI, a comedian, saved the life of a man who had fallen into the sea at Brighton, Eng., June 30.

VARIETY HALLS.

BILLY ASHCROFT has become the proprietor of the Alhambra, Belfast, Ireland, having, says *The Era*, purchased the right of Mr. Lowery for something like $10,000.

MUSICAL.

KONTSKI the violinist died June 30 in his native city, Warsaw.

DURING the late operatic season at the German capital—that is, from Aug. 22, 1878, to June 13 last—219 performances took place, or an average of more than five weekly. The current repertory was made up during that period of fifty-three works, by twenty-six different composers. The Berlin repertory seems, therefore, to be as varied as that of Vienna.

THE CANDIDATES for the Prix de Rome (music) this year were the five following gentlemen: MM. Ratez, Marty, and Hillemacher, pupils of M. Massenet; MM. Hue (who obtained an honorable mention in 1878) and Guilhaud, pupils of M. Reber. The first hearing of their cantatas took place on Friday, and the second on Saturday, when the result was announced, the first prize being awarded to M. Hue, the second to M. Hillemacher, and an honorable mention to M. Marty.

AMUSEMENTS.

MUSIC HALL.—AUSTIN MULLEN, Proprietor. Ladies wanted at all times. Must be good singers. Salaries low, but sure. Would like to hear from Bryan O'Lynn. Address S. E. cor. Herkimer and Franklin streets, Albany, N. Y. 18-1t*

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WANTED—FIRST-CLASS MALE AND FEMALE Vocalists, Ballad, Serio-comic or Motto Singers. Good engagements for those with something new. Address HARRY HILL'S THEATRE, 18-1t* Corner Houston and Crosby streets, New York.

AT LIBERTY FOR SEASON OF 1879-80, W. M. WILLIAMS AND WIFE, Old Men or Heavies and Walking-ladies. SALARIES VERY REASONABLE WITH RELIABLE COMPANY, traveling or stationary. 18-1t* Address Holden, Missouri, Box 107.

G. W. ROCKEFELLER, ALTO VOCALIST AND BANJOIST and general performer, formerly of Bryant's, San Francisco and Morris Bros.' Minstrels, just returned from a six years' tour of Australia, can be engaged for the coming season. Address 17-2t* G. W. ROCKEFELLER, Penfield, N. Y.

A RARE CHANCE. $1,500, COST ME $2,500. A Diorama on a popular subject. Moving figures, ships and 30 scenes by inventor of Larue's Panopticon of the War, etc. Address L. DUFLOCQ, Scenic-artist, 393 W. 17th street. DIORAMAS, PANORAMAS, TRAVELING SCENERY, etc. 17-4t* Scenic Studio, 422 W. 25th street, New York.

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HAVING JUST CLOSED A VERY SUCCESSFUL SEASON, MR. DICK RALPH wishes to inform Managers of Variety and Legitimate Theatres playing Stock Companies that he is filling dates for his Second and Third Season, 1879 and 80, with his GREAT SOUTHERN DRAMA entitled OUR SOUTH. Address Agents, N. Y. City. 17-4t*

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK. NOTICE TO AGENTS AND MANAGERS OF COMBINATIONS.—I will be in New York City, at the office of Mr. C. W. Tayleure, 864 Broadway, on or about the 16th of July, to arrange dates and terms for the above house. 17-2t* R. A. LITTLE, Proprietor.

FOR SALE.—DUCK TENT, 24x70ft., New Packing-chest, Poles and Guy-ropes, partly seated, with a 12x15ft. stage. For further particulars address 17-4t* L. Z. CADOT, Gallipolis, Ohio.

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TO GYMNASTS.—C. H. HAWKINS, 118 East Thirteenth street, New York, maker of apparatus. Send stamp for circular. 11-12t*

TO LET.—COURT-SQUARE THEATRE, Brooklyn. Apply to MR. JAMES WEAVER, or to R. LEONARD WILLIS, Gen'l Agent, 207 Broadway. 15-3t*

MINNIE FLORANCE (MRS. GEO. A. FLORANCE). Address Lockbox 7, Vineyard Grove, Mass. 18-1teow

CATALOGUE AND PRICE-LIST of Plays, Wigs, Beards, Colored Fires, Cork, etc., Mailed Free. JAS. F. CROSSEN, 8 Lafayette place, N. Y. 13-13t*

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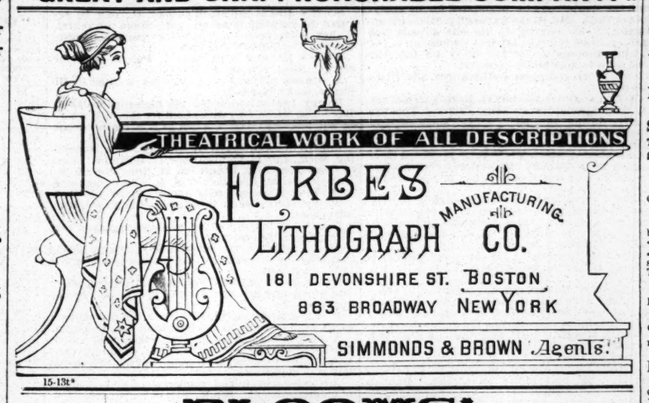

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1879. SEASON OF 30 WEEKS. 1880. FOURTH SEASON. FOURTH SEASON. THE EMINENT ACTOR AND DRAMATIST MR. **J. W. WALLACE** IN THE TYPICAL AMERICAN DRAMA "DESTROYING ANGELS," SUPPORTED BY J. L. FLOOD'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION. TWELVE FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS. New, Beautiful and Original Pictorial Letter-block Printing, and Fine Lithographic and Attractive Window Display. WANTED—A Heavy Man, Character Comedian, Negro Comedian, Juvenile Man, Second Heavy and Walking Gent. Must be large men, good dressers, sober and reliable. Also a PETITE AND PRETTY LEADING LADY, strong enough to be made a feature, and two Ladies for small parts. Applicants, inclose photo and bills. MANAGERS wishing to play the above star and combination, please send open dates. Address all communications JOHN L. FLOOD, Manager, No. 217 E. Huntingdon street, Philadelphia, Pa. 18-1t*

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